

# COUNTRY LIFE

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LAFAYETTE.

LADY MARGARET BARRY.

160, New Bond Street W.1.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Margaret Barry .....	267, 268
Co-operative Credit Societies for the Small Farmer. (Leader) ..	268
Country Notes .....	269
Twilight .....	269
Song, by Malcolm Hemphrey .....	270
The Outlook for Horse Breeding. (Illustrated) ..	271
Thoroughbreds at Stanley House Stud. (Illustrated) ..	272
The Box Hill Fund .....	274
A County Hunt: The Cheshire. (Illustrated) ..	275
The Golfer's Revised Version, by Bernard Darwin ..	279
Country Home: Lacock Abbey—I, by H. Aray Tipping ..	280
Remote Avelana, by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated) ..	287
The Starling .....	289
Notes on the Rock Garden of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, by R. L. Harrow. (Illustrated) ..	290
The Novelist Flamboyant .....	292
Dog Training by Amateurs. III.—First Lesson in Retrieving, by R. Sharpe. (Illustrated) ..	293
The Architecture Club Exhibition. (Illustrated) ..	295
Correspondence .....	296
The Doom of the Super-Breeder—Are Present Methods a Failure?; Garrya Elliptica; Trinity Hospital, Croydon, and Guildford Hospital (Philip G. Palmer); Chestnuts in Corsica (M. H. Bicknell); A Strange Attachment; An Old and Rare Breed (Lady Loch); A Recipe for Lawn Fertiliser (H. E. Mason); Barnacle Geese; Dunderave Castle (S. G. Douglas); Norman Woodwork in a Barn (S. G. Leek); Preservation of Church Brasses.	
Mr. J. H. Deard's Dry Points. (Illustrated) ..	298
Riviera Tennis Notes, by Cecil B. Waterlax ..	299
The Estate Market .....	300
Shooting Notes, by Max Baker. (Illustrated) ..	xlix.
Mr. Thurby-Pelham's Collection of English Furniture.—I, by Oliver Brackett. (Illustrated) ..	l.
The Samplers of Long Ago, by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated) ..	lvi.
Church Plate at the Victoria and Albert Museum ..	lviii.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated) ..	lx.
The Long Arm of Coincidence. (Illustrated) ..	lxviii.

## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## Co-operative Credit Societies for the Small Farmer

THE establishment of Credit Societies is the leading feature in the Report of the Sub-Committee appointed to enquire into the adequacy of the credit facilities available for agriculturists in Great Britain. These institutions are new in this country and the principle comes from Germany—thriftiest of the nations before the war. The idea is that between the Government and the actual borrower a limited liability company should be placed. The best way of getting at the working of this plan is to take an example. Let us imagine an association of small farmers to have formed themselves into a company with an authorised capital, say, of £1,000 in pound shares with five shillings paid; that is, one-fourth of the capital, £250. The Government proposes to lend £1,000 to the society on the security of that portion of the capital which has not been called up, namely, £750. Thus the society secures a capital of £1,250 at its disposal for meeting the requirements of the members. It will be noticed that the Government loan exceeds the value of the security; but no serious objection can be taken to that. It has been found in practice that

the farmer is a good customer, who almost invariably pays back what he has borrowed. Also, there will be the compulsion of public opinion as represented by the members of the society. They have among them contributed £250, and in return they get command of the capital which we may assume they think sufficient to carry on with. Now, if one of the members slackened, it would be to the interest of the others either to rouse him up to greater exertion or to get rid of him. That they would be vigilant in attending to this is fairly certain. They stand to rise or fall together, and we may be sure that they would not enter into the original covenant with one whom they did not trust. Mutual trust is, in fact, the binding element in the bargain. It is proposed that the Government, on their side, should charge the interest of the hour—that is to say, they propose to follow the example of the banks, which regulate their rate of interest by the rise or fall of the bank Rate of the Bank of England. The Germans, who, in the days before the war, used this system as one of the levers to improve the agricultural conditions of their country, found it advisable to fix a rate of interest, usually 4 per cent. The advantage of this was that the annual charge on the money was fixed and that it tended to prevent anything in the way of speculation.

It will be noticed that this is a proposal meant chiefly for those who have not a banking account—that is to say, little farmers, small-holders and even allotment-holders. It has the merit of encouraging them in the art of co-operation. They will be left free to act according to the dictates of their own common-sense, but each society will be enrolled at the Ministry of Agriculture. Possibly, some criticism of the plan may come from those members of Parliament who represent urban constituencies and who are jealous of one part of the population being more favoured than another. Agriculture has a good reply to all that. It is the industry in which the necessity for credit was first made patent. In the words of the Report, "The interval between seed time and harvest, between the rearing and killing of beasts, probably necessitated in the earliest times the use of some system of credit." Agriculture may well have given birth to the first conception of credit. Without credit it is obvious that cultivation would be impossible. It is not claimed that credit of itself will make a sick industry well, but the point of vital importance is that agriculture should be made to pay, and all that is claimed for the system now advanced is that it "may enable an individual to make a certain operation pay which might not otherwise pay, or might not otherwise be undertaken at all." Of all commodities, food is the most essential. During 1917, when the submarine peril was at its height, loud were the protestations of public men that never again should agriculture be allowed to languish; yet, it is being allowed to go back to the ruin of the eighties of last century, and the country would be helpless if any of the wars which are being threatened at the present moment were to begin in grim earnest.

We have said little about the other part of the Report which deals with long-term credit—that is to say, the mortgage loans of farmers working on a large scale. The recommendation is that those farmers who purchased their holdings between 1917, when the Corn Production Act was passed, and 1921, when the Corn Production Acts were repealed, should be able to obtain loans by an approved society supported by the State, such loans not to exceed 75 per cent. of the present value of the holdings, and repayable within forty years.

## Our Frontispiece

LADY MARGARET BARRY, whose marriage to Captain Gerald Barry, M.C., of the Coldstream Guards took place last Wednesday, is the fourth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



## COUNTRY NOTES

**N**OW that Budget-making must be occupying a first place in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the public should keep in mind Mr. Stanley Baldwin's own comparison between taxation in this country and taxation in France and in the United States. We are paying at the rate of £16 12s. per head of the population, France £5 12s. 6d., and the United States £5 11s. 9d. So far, the burden of taxation is nearly three times that of France or America, but the time has come for giving relief. The taxpayers of this country have maintained the honour of their nation by giving an unprecedented portion of their savings to the tax collector. This cannot be continued indefinitely, for it results in a balance sheet against the nation. Commerce cannot revive, because the capital needed to refresh and carry it on is directed towards paying the National Debt and maintaining the civil and military services of the country. Our debts are now placed on as sound a footing as can be found for them, and the time has arrived when the taxpayer should be relieved to an extent that will enable the prudent to save a portion of their incomes that will ultimately be invested in industrial enterprise, supplying capital for new and extended enterprise.

**A**S the artist's mind is bent to the material it works upon it seems strange that in the various articles written about Sir Christopher Wren so little has been said about Portland stone. Omission has, to some extent, been rectified in an article which Mr. James Bone has written to the *Manchester Guardian*. It is a beautifully written essay and full of facts and fancies about the stone that is peculiarly London's. It is probably the oldest stone used in Great Britain, since it "is a marine deposit of the Jurassic period before Britain first at Heaven's command arose from out the azure main." Mr. Bone recalls what most of us have known and forgotten, that "its beds are full of fossils of marine creatures, sea urchins, starfish and shells." To quote Mr. Bone again: "It is a strange thought that the majesty of the capital of this sea-jointed Empire should come itself from beneath the sea, and that all the stone glories of London should be stamped so secretly with the seals of the creatures of the sea."

**CHRISTOPHER WREN** discovered Portland stone in the way that Turner discovered the sunset. Mr. Bone makes a note upon the fact that scarcely any poet has grasped the romance and beauty of Portland stone as exemplified in London buildings. Henley was groping near it when he alluded to St. Bride's as "that madrigal in stone." But, says Mr. Bone, "it was John Davidson who alone understood it, for he wrote:

Oh, sweetheart, see! how shadowy,  
Of some occult magician's rearing,  
Or swung in space of heaven's grace  
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,  
Afloat upon ethereal tides  
St. Paul's above the city rides."

There are many passages in Mr. Bone's own article that only want the music of rhyme to fulfil the task which the builder in words has failed to perceive. Instead of sampling his purple patches, we will content ourselves with quoting the following: "Discussing stone with a hard-working, shy man of business, I spoke about the blackness of Portland stone. 'Oh, don't call it black,' he said quickly, 'don't call it that, or you and I will quarrel. It's not black. It's the most delicate dark grey and purple, and all sorts of colours. Dark—if you like.' It was like Charles Lamb's shrinking from so hard a word as 'fat' about the young pig."

**T**HE case for revising railway rates could not easily be put with more force than it is in Mr. George Lambert's letter to the *Times* of February 27th. He begins by aptly recalling certain statements made by Sir Eric Geddes in commending the Railways Bill, 1921, to the House of Commons. These are, that our railways are the most costly to the users in the civilised world. Grouping would save between £25,000,000 and £45,000,000 a year. Sir Eric prophesied an immense prosperity in the railway industry and a reduction of charges. The first of these results has already been brought about. Except in two insignificant instances, dividends have increased above the 1913 level; reserve funds have also increased from £15,500,000 to £109,500,000. Railway shares have gone up immensely. Having stated his facts, Mr. Lambert asks, "When are the users of the railways to be advantaged?" Agriculture is suffering while the railway companies flourish, or, in the more catching phrases of the writer, "The railway goose waddles fatly along; the agricultural goose is plucked bare." A sweated agricultural labourer and a "Railway Rates Tribunal consisting of three gentlemen at £10,000 a year, ostensibly appointed to secure reasonable rates and fares," but really to sleep their time away, complete a very powerful picture.

### TWILIGHT.

The winter daylight wanes,  
Though still the West's aglow;  
Entwined with amber chains  
The lamp-lit Town below.

Its jewelled windows make  
Parterres of mellow sheen,  
Glades in a thickset brake  
Where all is dusk between.

Out of the ambient gloom  
What may not Fate fulfil?  
Above the traffic's boom  
Youth hears a Pan-pipe trill.

Who, with a silken gleam,  
Boarded that gliding bus?  
Surely the dreamed-of dream,  
Incarnate, marvellous!

W. S.

**W**ITH the death of Khama, chief of the Bamangwato, the British Empire loses one of her most loyal subjects, and a large part of Bechuanaland a figure almost legendary. Nigh on a hundred years old, Khama had ruled the Bamangwato since 1875. Though his people were of a peaceful habit, one of cattle and corn, under his rule they prospered as well as under Sekhome his father, though the fierce Matabele lay to the east of his country, and the Boers and the Chartered Company were continually encroaching from the south. None could but admire him. The Matabele would say, "The Bamangwato are dogs, but Khama is a man." Tall, swift of foot and lithe, a great hunter, Khama was every bit a man. He put his country under the protection of the British Empire, and when, in 1895, it seemed probable that the Chartered Company would annex it, he himself journeyed to London and successfully protested. Thenceforward his loyalty never wavered. On King Edward's death he said, "The King who has been taken from us was my king, and my people's king. I stand in the place I have always stood in, of loyalty to the King of the British Empire."



DR. ARNE is still remembered by his settings to the songs in "As You Like It" and "The Tempest." But exquisite as are "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," they represent but a very small fragment of his compositions, which are now all out of print. Arne comes in the direct line of British composers and, now that the wealth of seventeenth century music is at length being realised, can be estimated in his true relation to the Elizabethans on one hand and Sullivan on the other. His setting of Dr. Dalton's adaptation of Milton's "Masque of Comus" was given in the hall at Eton College last autumn with such success that two performances are being given in the Inner Temple Hall on March 9th at 8.30 p.m. and March 10th at 3 p.m. As an Old Etonian and an intended barrister, Arne is having most appropriate places for his work to reappear in. The "Comus," which Dalton disfigured terribly in the 1738 production, has been put back as far as possible to the original condition in which Milton left it—no easy task; and in view of the fact that the music has all had to be copied in the British Museum, the "Comus" is a production which all who love true English music should endeavour to see. An Arne Society has been formed, from which we may hope in due time to see many of the Doctor's works.

NOTHING through the ages has been sought for more diligently and with such romantic hope as the Elixir of Life. Alchemists worked at it in the dark ages and men of science are still busy on it, but we doubt whether anyone will get nearer the mark than Dr. Armaingaud of the Paris Academy of Medicine. He told his colleagues that if they studied Montaigne's Essays they would find the secret of it. On being interviewed by a journalist who seems to have been rather literal-minded, he said, "If you want to live long, read Montaigne," and added that he read him whenever he was troubled, anxious or annoyed. There is contagion in the wise good-humour of the famous French essayist; he teaches, among other things, "that we fail to enjoy the good things of the present merely because we are worrying about the things of to-morrow." As Dr. Armaingaud says, "Montaigne's wisdom is contagious." "He is a master of optimism" and "good courage is the secret of longevity." All this is very wholesome, and if acted upon would tend to soften the asperities of old age, but it will not remove them altogether, simply because "age is full of ruth and youth is full of pleasure."

IN rowing, as in all other sports and games, the pendulum swings now in favour of one University and now of another. It has lately been the turn of Cambridge, but this year a rowing critic tells us that "the prospects of Oxford making a good show in the Boat Race are more favourable than in any year since the war." That sentence will sound strangely in the ears of those who remember best the invincible Oxford of the 'nineties, when Cambridge toiled vainly in the wake of crews containing such illustrious names as Pitman, Cotton, Burnell, Phillips, Carr and Gold. Those oarsmen all learned their art at Eton, and it is interesting to note that as regards the composition of this year's crews there is not a single Etonian in the Oxford boat, while in the Cambridge boat there are three. Another rowing school, Shrewsbury, has two men in the Oxford and one in the Cambridge boat, and Oxford has two American oarsmen. At the moment it does not seem likely that either crew will make rowing history, nor will either stroke be as famous as Hartley, who had so much to do with the Cambridge victories since the war; but by way of compensation there should be a fine hard race and plenty of excitement.

POSSESSORS of rubber shares will be interested to learn that a real effort is being made by the Rubber Growers' Association, in combination with manufacturers and distributors, to remind this country of the thousand and one uses to which rubber can be put. At present the import of the material to these islands, though twice as great as any other country's, is under a quarter of what is consumed in the United States yearly. The system adopted will be a patient pointing out to people of the vast variety of uses to which rubber can be put, uses in

which in most cases it far excels other materials. One form of employment which we should like to see adopted is for tennis courts. For durability and "foolproofness" rubber tennis courts cannot be beaten, while the resilience does away with the "jar" which is experienced on hard courts and the great trouble required for their upkeep. It is to everybody's advantage to increase the applications of rubber, as much of it is an Imperial product, and the finding of uses for it in reality a creation of so much more wealth for everybody.

THE International Championship at Rugby football was advanced another step on Saturday. Scotland made sure of coming to the English match with an unbeaten record by winning comfortably over Ireland; and Wales beat France in a match that was at intervals too keen to be pleasant. Wales appears to have made something of a discovery in the shape of a new stand-off half, John of Llanelly, and it is noticeable that in the years when the Welsh backs spread terror far and wide they always had at this vital post players of outstanding quality, such as Trew and Percy Bush. On the same day a very good modern player in the same position, T. Lawton of Oxford, was able to reappear, his suspension and that of his two fellow Queenslanders having been removed by the Rugby Union. The enquiry showed, what everybody was certain of, that these players had committed a purely technical offence in playing the only form of Rugby football open to them in their own country and had in no way infringed the amateur spirit. The incident has a satisfactory ending, but it would seem that somebody must have shown a most unnecessary amount of zeal in ever raising the question.

#### SONG.

A glimpse of blue  
Through cloudy dun,  
A web of dew  
With amber spun,  
And in the dale a welcome veil  
Of stronger, richer sun!

Upon the down  
New spikes of corn;  
Green hides the brown  
Of every thorn—  
And all of this is March's kiss  
To tell me Spring is born!

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

FEBRUARY has been living up to its proverbial reputation in the south by being February fill-dyke. But in the north-east not only snowstorms have swept the coast, but tremendous seas have been playing havoc on the low-lying shores and dislodging thousands of tons of sand. Fortunately, the sole loss of life reported is that of a variety of fish known to the native as poddlers—a fish with a coarse white flesh that feeds largely about the harbours, and which—at least, during the war—was sent south to be cooked in the fried-fish shops, as the East Coast dweller disdains them, as much as he does eels and mackerel, both prized in the south. This creature was killed by millions this last week, being choked by the shifting of the sand. In some of the northern docks they are floating with their white bellies upward "like wreaths of snow," so the local papers say. Every size of fish is seen in prime condition from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. weight to 4 lb. That is one aspect of the heavy tides. The other picture is more amusing. The falling snow has not hidden beaches thronged by crowds as if midsummer were breathing warmth and blue skies. They are treasure hunters who are following in the wake of the distracted tides that have sapped the foundations of many sandy shores. Blackened half-crowns and lost trinkets are the reward of toilsome, cold, wet work, and an occasional half-sovereign falls to the very lucky. This is very interesting evidence that the aforesaid sandy shores were most likely built up by the sea which has covered with sand the trinkets and coins dropped by "sitters out" on the dunes.



# THE OUTLOOK FOR HORSE BREEDING

MRS. STANTON deserves hearty congratulations on winning the Male Shire Championship with her London champion of last year, Harboro' Nulli Secundus. By a coincidence that is, perhaps, not without a reason, Mr. Owen Williams again won the Female Championship with Crossways Forest Maid. Both these animals belong to the highest rank of Shire horses, but surely it points to some lack of energy among the breeders that a more formidable competitor should not have been found for each. The falling off in the number of exhibits probably comes from the same cause. The truth is that Shire horse-breeding is being affected by the depression in business generally and in agriculture particularly. The best feature of the show was undoubtedly the promise shown by some of the younger entries, but these were not excessive in number. The Council of the Shire Horse Society shows itself, however, very much alive to the situation. For two things it deserves to be commended. One is the setting up of commercial classes for animals actually in working. The other is that excellent piece of propaganda work—the presentation to Canada of five first-class Shire horses. These horses are to be located at a suitable experimental station where they will be open to exhibition and used for breeding purposes. The stallions will be used for "grading-up" the native stock, and the mares will be served only by pedigree horses of their own breed. This ought to give a good start to the establishment of England's great horse in Canada.

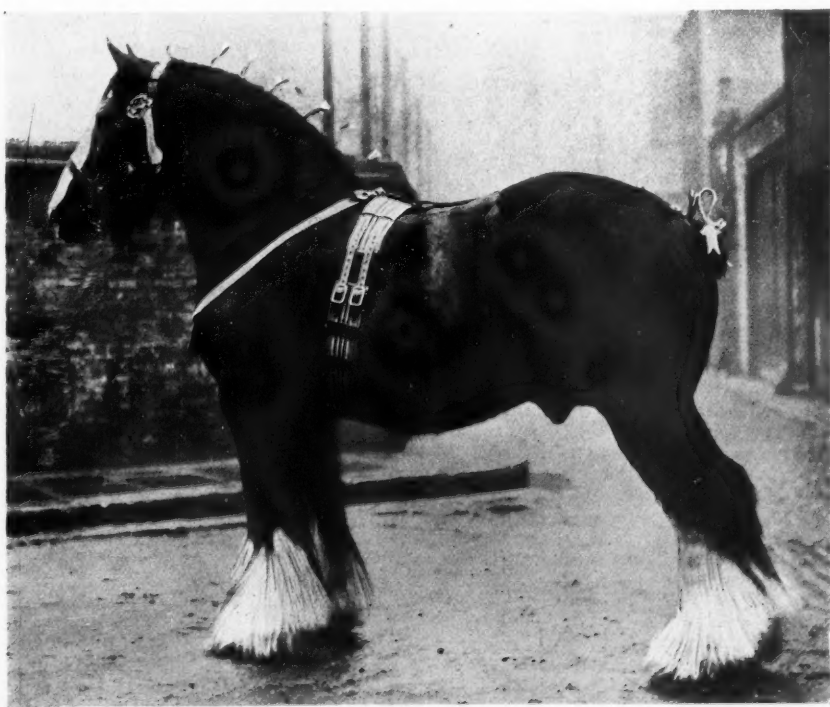
Unfortunately, light horses are in very much the same predicament as the heavy breeds. An appeal has been issued by the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society to all hunting men who are not breeding hunters to consider the great necessity for doing so. As President of the Society, the Prince of Wales has taken a very keen interest in this matter and issued a special appeal to all hunting men, in which he says: "I share the grave anxieties of the Council as regards the future of Light Horse Breeding, specially interested as I am in the



CROSSWAYS FOREST MAID, THE CHAMPION SHIRE MARE.

breeding of Hunters." This strengthens the society's appeal. The National Pony Society, also, has found that "as the result of War, and its aftermath, the breeding of Polo Ponies requires fresh stimulus. . . . The difficulty of obtaining good ponies of the right conformation and temperament is notorious, and it is to be feared that, without encouragement, they will soon become scarce and correspondingly expensive." The President of the National Pony Society has addressed to members a letter in which he says: "Those who, like myself, are deeply interested in the future supply of ponies are nervous about the shortage that undoubtedly exists, especially as now so few are likely to be produced for some years to come in Ireland, which country used to produce a very large number of the best ponies. Had it not been for the efforts of the society in the past, the admitted shortage of high-class ponies would have been much more marked than it is at present. The American team of 1921 and the Argentine team of 1922 were largely mounted on ponies which, if not actually registered in the National Pony Society's Stud Book, are descended from dams or sires or both parents registered in the Book."

There is a well founded feeling among those in the best position to know that horse-breeding is suffering as much as any other calling owing to the depression that has followed the war. During the short period of rushing prosperity after the war horses of all kinds rose tremendously in value. Shire and hunter, hackney and pony, shared in this blink of good fortune. Unfortunately, it passed into a cloud as suddenly as it had emerged. It is not the horse that has failed. Probably the demand would be greater than ever if industry were to take a favourable turn and produced the funds; but at present a vast majority of horse lovers are crushed by the severity of the taxation and compelled to curtail their amusements, if not cut them down altogether. There is no need, however, to be pessimistic about the fact. Signs of recovery are already becoming visible.



W. A. Rouch.

HARBORO' NULLI SECUNDUS, MALE SHIRE CHAMPION.

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# THOROUGHBREDS AT STANLEY HOUSE STUD

LORD DERBY—THE LEADING BREEDER OWNER

SEVERAL reasons beyond the ordinary exist why Lord Derby's position as a breeder of thoroughbreds should be attracting much attention at the present time. In the first place, his position as one of the mainstays of breeding and racing in this country was never more firmly established than at present. For years past he has won many races and much money with horses bred at his stud at Newmarket, and summered in yearling days in the quiet and charming paddocks at Knowsley. But last year he seemed to go stronger than ever. It is true that the first half did not bring him much luck, that is, judging solely by the size of his training stable and the heavy way in which his horses are invariably engaged. The second half, however, particularly the autumn months, yielded much profit and pleasure and, indeed, he came very near to depriving Lord Woolavington of his position at the head of the winning owners' list.

Then Phalaris, the most recent of the additions to the stallions at the Stanley House Stud, made a most remarkable start with the first of his stock to carry colours. Indeed, I do not recall another instance quite so astonishing in modern times. Two years ago Pommern had Pondoland among his first few winners. That was in the nature of an auspicious beginning, but Phalaris last season was responsible for the very high-class Pharos and nine other winners, all, of course, two years old. Pharos won six races, worth £4,961. The grey filly Silver Grass won three races and dead-heated for another, worth in all £2,892; while Moabite won two races worth £1,940. Altogether the ten youngsters sired by this new-comer to the stud won eighteen and a half races, aggregating in value £11,820. Hurry On, with his first crop of two year olds, only had one winner, and the same, I think, was the case with Sunstar, and, as is well known, both are high-class sires to-day. The achievement of Phalaris, therefore, is something to set one wondering.

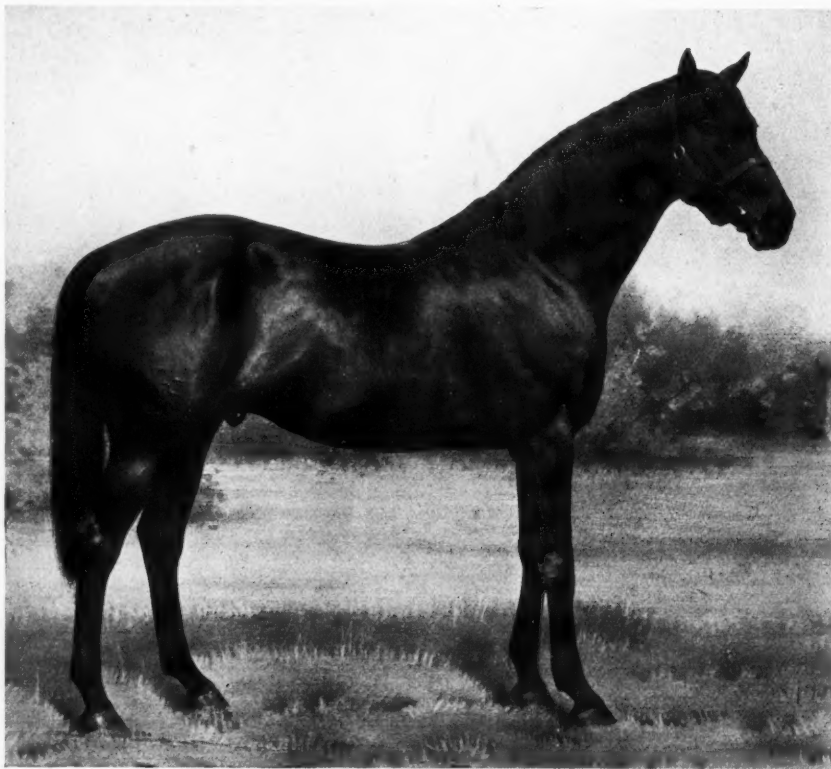
Another reason why breeders should be thinking of all Lord Derby has done and is doing for breeding is that the three other stallions at Stanley House Stud are also going strong. I refer to Swynford, Chaucer and Stedfast, Chaucer's son—the big son of a diminutive parent! In the now three year old filly, Tranquil, Swynford has a most promising candidate for those classic honours which are distributed solely among fillies. Certainly this delightful filly must be regarded as one of the big hopes of the Stanley House stable for 1923. Last year Swynford had no fewer than twenty-five winners of thirty-seven and a half races, and I may add that since going to the stud in 1913 his stock have won in all 150 races, of the total value of £84,556. It is quite possible that he sired the best horse of his age at the present time in Blandford, while all who saw Lord Penrhyn's two year old, the Swynford-Galante colt, perform last year would much admire him as being one of the best of his year. He, by the way, is now known by the name of Top Gallant, and nothing is more certain in an uncertain game than that this one will do further credit to his sire.

Chaucer is twenty-three years of age, and all who have seen him of late have been struck by his wonderful freshness. He is, indeed, something of a marvel for his age, especially as he is siring stock with more quality and virility than ever. Think of that great constitutioned filly and very gallant performer of last year, Selene. What a lasting tribute she is to her sire! Of course, Chaucer is beautifully bred, being a son of St. Simon and that famous mare Canterbury Pilgrim. He has always been most carefully used and, though he is not a tall horse, he has extraordinary length, and in that way stands over far more ground than most horses a hand or so higher. Last season Chaucer had no fewer than

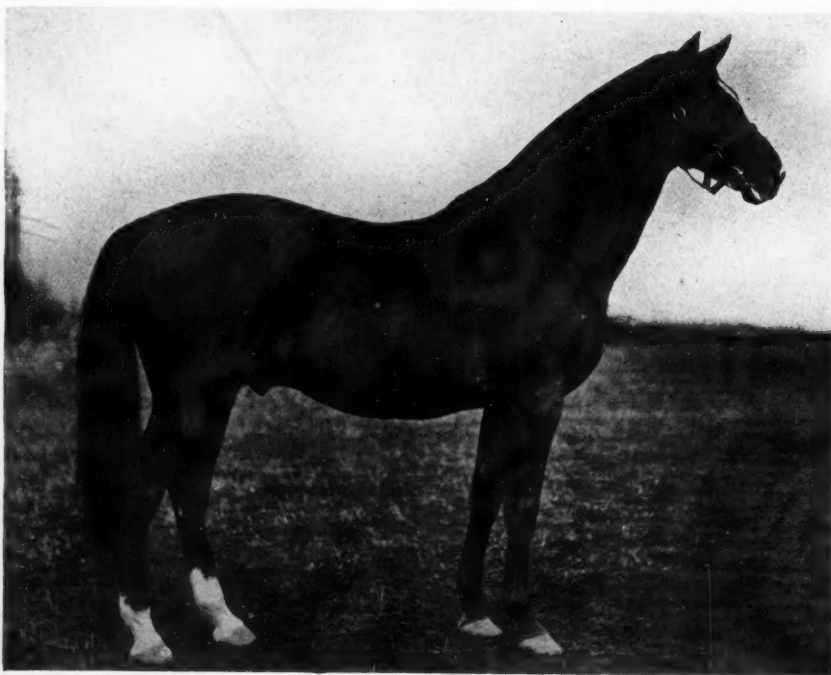
seventeen winners of twenty-eight races, worth £14,289, and since going to the stud in 1907 his stock have won 269 races, totalling in value £132,371.

In colour Chaucer is a dark bay with black points. His son Stedfast is a chestnut flecked with grey hairs and was, of course, a high-class racehorse, and though his doings at the stud are not to be compared with the sensational start made by Phalaris, yet, since he was retired in 1915, his stock have won eighty-four races of the value of £32,239. The stout-hearted stayer, Air Balloon, and the very courageous two year old filly, Brownhylda, were his best of last year. So, altogether, I feel quite justified in saying of Stedfast, as I do of the other three, that they were never going as strongly as now.

I should like presently to say something of the mares and young stock at Stanley House, for I am sure that there are lots of good judges who maintain that the mares rather than the stallions must lay the foundations of the fortunes of any stud.



SWYNFORD.



STEDFAST.

Clarence Hailey.

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Well, shall I say that high-class sires are a help? Therefore I should like to write a little more about Phalaris and so. First let me mention that Phalaris reigns at the Side Hill Stud, which Lord Derby acquired not long ago and which he will make very famous before long. The paddocks must have had many horses on them for years past, but there are ways and means of resting and stimulating them, and I have no doubt they will be adopted. Meanwhile Phalaris holds court here, and a great gentleman he is in every respect. Before I saw him the other day that most respected and capable of Newmarket trainers, William Waugh, told me that Phalaris was the most beautiful horse and the nicest tempered one he had known in his long experience. Thus I was to see something out of the ordinary, though, to be sure, Phalaris, when in training and racing in the war, was always immensely handsome, with splendid size and superb quality. You can imagine how such an oil painting of a horse has improved by a short sojourn at the stud, since he has taken on that stallion character which is so very imposing. Then he is of a beautiful colour—a rich brown. Polymelus, his sire, has transmitted to him his quality and something of that placid temperament which assisted so much to make Polymelus a great sire.

One of the first foals I saw at Side Hill Stud was by Sunstar, a good one, too, from Salamandra, a mare Lord Furness paid something like 16,000 guineas for when he bought her at auction in foal to The Tetrarch. She had come to Phalaris. Then another mare I noticed with a nice foal by Phalaris was Spean Bridge, owned by Lord Woolavington. Spean Bridge used to belong to Lord Derby, and was sold out of the stable. She is proving a bargain as a brood mare, judging by the class of stock she is producing. Doria had a colt foal by Pommern, and there was Gay Laura with a foal by Gainsborough. I recall that her first foal became that brilliant racehorse, Gay Crusader. Mrs. Arthur James' mare, Silver Streak, was on view with quite an active-looking foal by Farman; while among the well known individuals due to be mated with the sire were that public favourite Diadem, heavy in foal when I saw her to Son-in-Law; Blue Tit, the dam of Blue Dun, Westward Ho, and that dismal failure Blue Ensign, which cost 14,500 guineas as a yearling; Toque II, a full sister to Tracery, in foal to Gainsborough; Osaka, in foal to Friar Marcus; Santa Fina, the dam of Galloper Light; Euphrosina, belonging to Sir Gilbert Greenall, in foal to Bachelor's Double; Desmodium, the dam of Morning Light; Bay Maiden, with a foal by Swynford; Queen of the Hunt, in foal to White Eagle; Eagle's Rest, barren from the National Stud; Marvel of Peru; Wenchal, in foal to Swynford; Dorval, in foal to Tetratema; Miss Mattie, the dam of Papyrus and now barren; Love in Idleness, the Oaks winner in 1921; Forest Lassie, barren to Hurry On; Lammermuir; Destination, in foal to Phalaris; and one or two others.

Swynford and Chaucer stand at the Woodlands Stud, which is one of the auxiliaries of the main stud and lies north of the Snailwell road. The big horse does not fill the horizon in the sense that Phalaris does, but then he is tremendously commanding, though his tendency to lop ears detracts from his quality, as it always seems to do in the thoroughbred. Yet Swynford is a fine individual which you find it hard to fault. You know that his breeding is immaculate—by John o' Gaunt from Canterbury Pilgrim—he has unusual size and wealth of bone and a constitution to match. He was, too, a classic winner in his day, and has got classic winners in the two fillies Keysoe and Bettina. Perhaps his best daughter was Stonyford, disqualified in favour of My Dear after winning the New Oaks in the war.

He, too, has firmly established his status as a high-class sire, and a glance at some of the mares booked to him this season will show the esteem in which he is held by breeders. They include the grey mare Chiffre d'Amour, in foal to Phalaris; Molly Desmond, a daughter of Pretty Polly and the dam of the



PHALARIS.

Irish Derby winner, Spike Island; Catgut, the dam of Violoncello; Blanche, as I have noted above, the dam of Blandford by Swynford; White Lie, the dam of Poisoned Arrow; Lady Farmer; Sunbonnet, belonging to Mr. Macomber, who races on such a big scale in France; the grey mare Allash, from the Sledmere Stud, and the dam of ill-fated Trash, among the top ones as a two year old; Lord Zetland's Dynamic; Hamoaze, the dam of Buchan; Pompadour, also owned by Lord Astor; and Sir Edward Hulton's Scotch Rose.

Lord Derby's own mares and young stock are kept apart at the Stanley House Stud proper, at which in the old days the great Isonomy used to stand as sire. There is a tablet let in the wall there now which commemorates the reign of Isonomy. It is surmounted by one of his plates, and I was struck with its small size. The tablet shows his winnings, that he was by Sterling from Isola Belle, and that he was owned by Mr. F. Gretton, trained by John Porter, ridden by Tom Cannon, and bred by Messrs. Graham. No sire is located in these stud buildings now. Probably they are different now, and their sole use is to find accommodation for the mares and young stock. It happened that the first foal I saw was by Skyrocket from the Chaucer mare Dame Prudent, dam of Ladies' Laces, a winner last year. But I should say that one of the gems of the stud at the moment is the One Thousand Guineas winner, Canyon,



Clarence Hailey.

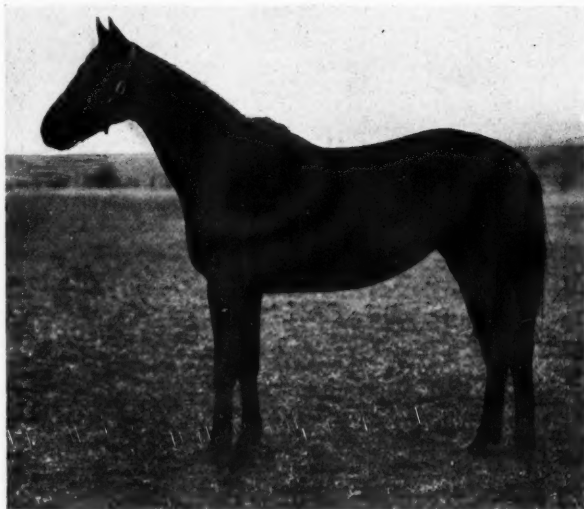
CHAUCER.

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Apart from her merit on the racecourse, she fills the part of what, I personally, look for in a brood mare, for she is not too big, she is low and lengthy, symmetrical, and just looks the part. Her foal is an extraordinarily fine colt by Phalaris. What a price mother and daughter would make if put up for auction now!

Among the best of Lord Derby's mares are unquestionably Canyon, just mentioned; Gondolette, though she is getting on in years; Ferry, Glacier, Keystone II, now long in the tooth, but an Oaks winner of her day and the dam of Keysoe and Archaic; Marchetta, Scapa Flow, Serenissima, Tortona and Whitewash. Redhead, Santa Cruz (both Liverpool Cup winners), Venetia, Princess Margaret, Collet Monte and Hasta are comparatively young mares. Canyon has had five foals, including the recent arrival, and a winner in Sierra Leone, a useful staying two year old last season. Gondolette was breeding winners for the present Lord Wavertree, among them the high-class, though rather erratic, Let Fly, before she passed into the possession of Lord Derby. In her first year at the Stanley House Stud she produced Serenissima, since become the dam of Selene. Then there was Ferry, destined to win the One Thousand Guineas, and I believe there are hopes of her two year old of this year named Sansovino, the name, by the way, borne by a Lincolnshire Handicap winner not so many years ago. Ferry is a handsome mare to-day, though it is regrettable that her filly foal by Buchan is dead. Her first produce, Phaon, is now a three year old. I do not think Mr. Lambton seriously tried to train him last season, but it is certain that hopes are entertained that he will do well as a three year old.

Glacier is a beautifully bred mare by St. Simon from Glasalt, by Isinglass, the best she has produced being Crevasse, winner of a Liverpool Cup, and Silurian, second for the St. Leger last year and holding out much promise as a four year old. This horse, by the way, has done uncommonly well. Glorvina, by Desmond from Veneration II, has not been the success anticipated, though she herself was a very good staying mare when in training. Old Keystone II is now twenty years old and, of course, her greatest achievements at the stud were to breed



SELENE.

Keysoe and the very good-looking chestnut horse Archaic, second in Spion Kop's Derby and subsequently sold by Lord Derby, to go to America, for 15,500 guineas. Marchetta's best produce was March Along; while Scapa Flow, though only a moderate performer on the racecourse, has distinguished herself by producing Pharos. Her son Spithead was also useful, and this is quite one of the best mares in the stud. Serenissima, as the dam of Selene and Tranquil, may be the queen of the stud; while Tortona, a daughter of Swynford and Marchetta, is the dam of Torlonia, grown, I may mention, into a very handsome three year old.

Of Lord Derby's yearling colts I shall expect to hear much again of the bay or brown named Grand-pré, by Phalaris from Glacier. He bears the hall-mark of high breeding in his every movement and in his outline. Then the bay by Swynford from Gondolette is most pleasing. It will be noticed that he is an own brother to Ferry. There is an attractive brother to Tranquil in the bay colt by Swynford from Serenissima. Of the fillies, I think most good judges would pick out a brown by Phalaris from Whitewash. The bay by Chaucer from Hasta has much to commend her, and one that looks certain to race is a chestnut by Gay Crusader from Ferry. She is, at any rate, fully representative of classic form.

I cannot conclude these impressions of Stanley House Stud as it is to-day, and somewhat inadequate as I feel they are, without expressing to Lord Derby the gratitude that all lovers of the thoroughbred feel for the splendid way in which he is continuing to engage in breeding and racing. What his participation means is really incalculable when it is remembered how others have found difficulties which were insurmountable. May not the secret be breeding on the highest and best lines, the best possible supervision, and a thorough understanding of the vast subject?

PHILIPPOS.



Clarence Hailey.

CANYON AND FOAL BY PHALARIS.

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## THE BOX HILL FUND

**M**R. ALFRED JAMES, in forwarding a subscription, makes a remark that deserves to be placed first among the notes of this issue: "Enough cannot be written to describe what a boon the acquisition of this lovely spot will be to future generations." In these few words is summed up the object at which we are aiming. There is, first, the loveliness of this spot near London. Then there is the opportunity to put it for ever in the possession of the people, so that all who find health and enjoyment in the open air will no more be describable as landless.

A very interesting letter has been sent to us by Sir George Metcalfe. He added £30 to his original £250 in order to make the total equal ten acres. Sir George thinks that if subscriptions were expressed in terms of the quantity of the land they would buy, as well as in money value, so that the contributor may be conscious that his money means a yard, an acre or other quantity of land, that there would be a prospect of larger numbers participating and the interest would

become more widespread. On looking again over the letters that have come in about Box Hill, it becomes evident that already there are many who have felt a substantial joy in making a mental measurement of the actual amount of land that would become available to the public and to themselves by means of their subscription, they taking the standard price at £28 an acre. The list we publish this week gives a very good illustration of this natural liking to give in terms of land. A subscriber has promised £28, requesting that it should be acknowledged under the name of "Brockham's Acre."

### THE LITTLE HILLS: BOX HILL.

I'll sing you a song of the little hills,  
And the peace that fills  
Their slopes and shades—  
Their moss-floored glades  
Where the violets twine,  
And the glossed box shine.



I'll sing of the slim, plumèd pines that sing  
When their blue boughs swing,  
And toss, and strain  
In wind and rain;  
While red robin's song  
Rings the whole day long.

I'll sing of the hills in the summertime  
With its waving thyme,  
Pimpernels too,  
Peeping through:  
All the air is sweet  
With the scents that greet.

I'll sing of the tints of the autumn days  
When the hillsides blaze  
With funeral pyres,  
And topaz fires  
In sun-lit beech;  
With berries' bronze,  
And gold fern-fronds:  
But it makes one sigh,  
That the fires must die—  
And the sad owl screech—  
Where the swallows fly.

FRANCIS O'GRADY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ALREADY ACKNOWLEDGED	£4,930	16	6
Sir George Metcalfe (instead of sending his promised cheque for £250, has sent one for £280, so that it may equal the price of 10 acres)	30	0	0
"Brockham's Acre" (promised)	28	0	0
Mr. Sidney Boulton	20	0	0
Per Mr. W. C. Michie:	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. H. K. Durlacher	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Shand	2	2	0
Mr. Arthur E. Russell	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Rhodes	2	2	0
Mr. L. G. Moir	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Michie	1	1	0
Mr. Arthur Greig	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. Jacomb	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Wedekind	0	5	0
Mr. A. A. Dealtry	0	5	0
Mr. G. B. Chetwynd-Stapylton	0	5	0
Per Mr. J. R. Hart:			
Misses E. P. and A. M. Hart	2	2	0
Miss Minot	2	0	0
Mr. W. S. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. H. B. Mitchell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Black	1	1	0
Mr. H. M. Izant	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Jeans	10	10	0
Mr. Alfred James	5	5	0
Miss Edith M. Frank	3	3	0
Mr. F. H. Smallman	1	1	0
B.	0	2	0

£5,053 6 6

## A COUNTY HUNT: THE CHESHIRE

THE Cheshire is well named, for it is a county Hunt. The principal names in its history are those of the Greys, Cholmondeleys, Egertons, Mainwarings and Corbets. The interests of the Hunt have always had a high place in the consideration of the county folk. The Cheshire is a grass country; dairying is the principal source of profit to the farmers. The enclosures run small except round Cholmondeley Castle, where the size of the pastures has been enlarged, and some are 50 acres or more in extent. But the character of the country and its fences are well shown in the sketches of the run near Beeston. The hedges, which are trimmed, but not laid, are on low cops or banks, and there is usually a ditch on one side. The fences look easier than they are, and many a rider from the Midlands has been entrapped by a country which looked simple. An Irish hunter that lays its hoofs lightly on the bank does well. A famous hunting man of the last century compared the Cheshire fences to the Meath. I have seen and ridden over both, and the likeness does not strike me, save that in both countries there is generally a more or less

ragged fence on the top of each bank. But the high, narrow banks of Meath look much more formidable to the stranger. Nevertheless, as our sketch shows, Cheshire fences can bring a man and horse down very completely.

... One breathless steed  
Rolls o'er the cop and hitches on the rails,  
One flound'ring lies, to watery ditch consigned.

Cheshire is a grass country which carries a scent, and in crossing which you are often in the air among the smaller enclosures. Good horses are needed, as we might conclude from a study of the Beeston picture, a clever hunter is necessary. Good horses have been bred and imported into Cheshire, so that the records of the Hunt tell of many celebrities of the stable. Perhaps the most famous was Joe Maiden's Pevorett, a big bay horse by Astbury. The latter, as a racehorse, was noted for having run three four-mile dead-heats at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Pevorett was a bad hack, he fell and broke his knees on the way to a fair, and passed into the

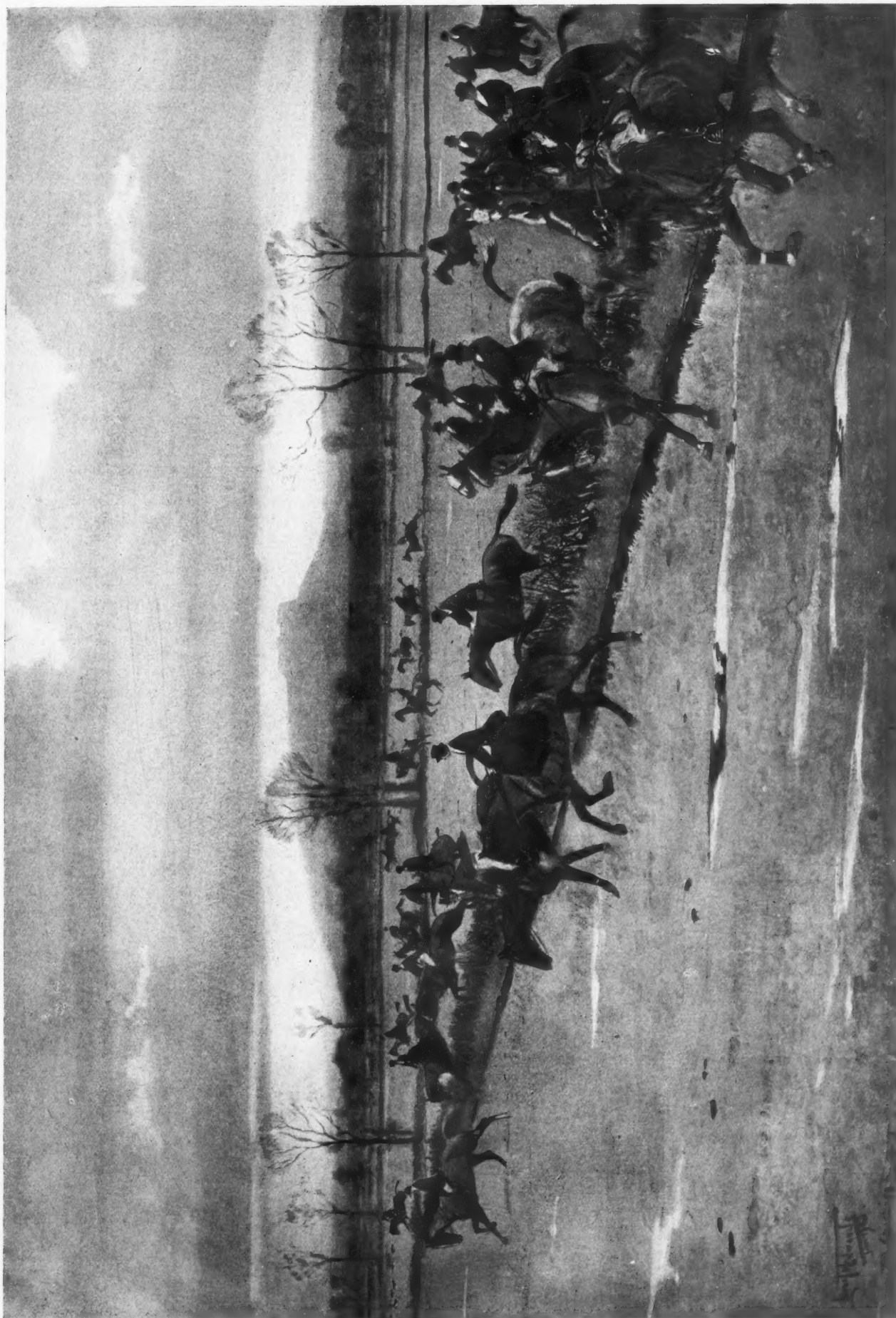


THE MASTER HOLDS UP THE FIELD IN A GATEWAY; A VERY NECESSARY PROCEEDING AT A CHECK.



FORWARD AWAY!





BEESTON CASTLE.



A CHESHIRE FENCE—WEAK AND STRAGGLING, BUT JUST THE SORT TO PUT A HORSE DOWN.

Hunt stables for £35; he could stay for ever, and if he came to a gift, double in the Vale of Chester—and they are to be met with—he could make a second effort when necessary. There were other famous horses, notably Mr. Wilbraham Tollemache's chestnut mare; he and Maiden were riding somewhat jealously at the end of a run. They galloped down a green lane and jumped five gates in succession. There are several other good horses still remembered—for example, an Irish mare from Mullingar and Merry Lad, bought from Tilbury by Captain White, the famous Cheshire Master, who made his first appearance and his name in Leicestershire. A hard rider, Captain White was a good Master of hounds, and improved the sport in Cheshire. He worked the hills thoroughly. These Peckforton Hills are refuges for foxes, as one may see from the frequency with which foxes run from the low to the high ground. The whole history of the Cheshire is full of the memories of famous Masters, from Mr. Smith Barry, Mr. George Heron and Sir Henry Mainwaring to the late Duke of Westminster and Mr. Corbet. Sir Henry Mainwaring, who was for nineteen years Master, always rode to covert on a hack, and, no matter how long the distance, he was always punctual at the meet and allowed his field only five minutes' law. He had a wonderful hack, a mare bought from a butcher's cart. She had the gift of perpetual motion, for as she came out of the lodge gates at Peover she broke into a steady canter which she maintained however far she had to go. The present Master, Mr. Tinsley, who gives way to Mr. Midwood next May, has been most successful. He is popular with the farmers, is exceptionally good at knowing when to hold up his field and equally good in letting them alone to

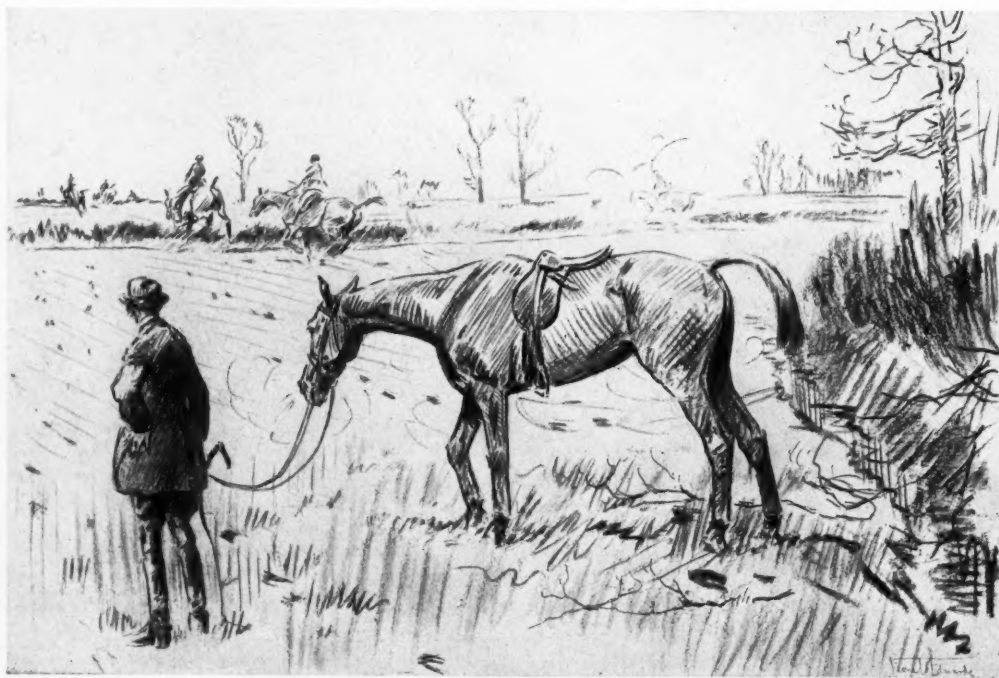
enjoy themselves when no action is required. Some restraint of the field is necessary, as is always the case where fields are large and riders are keen. The huntsman needs room to handle hounds, and only the Master can ensure that he gets it. The huntsman can train the hounds, the stud groom school the horses, but it is the Master who has to teach many of the field and make them understand—

'Taint the red coat makes the rider,  
Leathers, boots, nor yet the cap,

and—

Gentlemen, unto my thinking,  
Should behave themselves as sich,  
'Ticklar when the scent is sinking  
And the hounds are at a hitch.

Not that the Cheshire field is worse than others, but, as the poet says, we are "all of us tailors in turn."



THE LAST I SAW OF THEM.



The present huntsman, Wright, was promoted from first whipper-in when Peter Farrelly left to go to the Meynell. He rides well up to his hounds, is always with them at a check, and loses no time in making his casts. He was, before he went to Cheshire, with the Cottesmore.

Here is a capital sketch, full of life and movement, of the hounds breaking cover from one of the Cholmondeley Castle coverts. The old Cheshire pack, which dates back to 1762, from before the days of Mr. Smith Barry and Mr. Heron, was bred in the country. We are told that Mr. Heron's hounds were of a prevailing red tan colour, and the late Mr. John Welby, who sent me a list of the Belvoir many years ago, said that he thought the Belvoir tan was derived from a draft which went to Belvoir from the Cheshire kennels of Mr. Heron. The famous Bluecap, belonging to Mr. Smith Barry (1762), which won the match against Mr. Meynell's hounds, belonged to the original Cheshire sort.

Though his rivals on mutton were fed,  
When the race o'er the Beacon by Bluecap was led,  
A good hundred yards was the winner ahead.

These old pack hounds recalled the days of old Bluecap and Smith Barry's sort,

When foxes were flyers and gorse covers few  
... where thickest it grew  
How they dashed into Huxley and hustled it through.

The Cheshire hounds have changed since then. They still, as the picture shows, have plenty of drive; still they strive (note the hounds leaping the hedge) for the lead, and the blood of Badminton and Cottesmore and Bicester holds its own over the Cheshire pastures.

The Cheshire have had many huntsmen of note: Peter Collinson, who was all for blood. Maiden, the one-legged huntsman, who, when his whipper-in complained that a certain

horse would break his neck, said: "Who ever heard of a whipper-in having a neck? Go and turn them hounds." Going further back, there was Will Head. But the most notable of all the Hunt servants was, perhaps, Tom Rance, the one-eyed whipper-in:

Tom Rance has got a single oie worth many another's two,  
He held his cap above his yed to show he had a view.  
Tom's voice were like the owd raven's when he skroiked out Tally ho,  
For when the fox had seen Tom's feace he thought it time to go.

Rance always said he would rather break stones than hunt a pack of hounds, but of whippers-in he was the most intelligent, the most obliging and the most popular.

There is one point with regard to Cheshire about which there is some confusion. The Hunt Club, although its headquarters are at Tarporley in Cheshire, is an entirely different institution from the Cheshire Hunt. The Tarporley Hunt Club was established before 1762. They hunted hares, and members each kept a few couple of hounds, or, failing these, a pack was hired. The numbers of the club were twenty, afterwards increased to twenty-five. With some alterations, the Tarporley Hunt Club remains to this day. The club had a uniform and certain rules about drinking: "three collar bumpers after dinner" and the same after supper being the regulation number; after these were drunk members were at liberty to drink as they pleased. There was also a rule providing for the expulsion of any member who created a disturbance. Later, the number of collar bumpers after dinner was reduced to one. As the Hunt Club paid for a gorse covert and ordered a portrait of Mr. Smith Barry, who kept the first pack of foxhounds known in Cheshire, in 1762 the Hunt Club must have changed at that date from harriers to foxhounds. The Tarporley Hunt has had a president and a lady patroness from the first foundation up to the present day, and is, perhaps, the oldest hunt club still existing. X.

## THE GOLFER'S REVISED VERSION

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

A FEW days ago a friend who takes an interest in a small boys' school asked me if I would write a little something about golf for the boys' magazine. The invitation was at once flattering and alarming. I could not help reflecting that I might by injudicious words sow the seeds of all sorts of horrible golfing vices in a receptive soil. However, I decided to take the risk and produced a brief discourse. As it is easiest to be poignant and eloquent about those sins of which one is most acutely conscious, I took as my text "Don't hurry," and if my sermon does no good, I trust that, like most other sermons, it will do very little harm. I do not think I shall have the marring of any future champions upon my conscience.

When cogitating on my text I came to the conclusion that it was really a wonderfully comprehensive piece of advice. This is the day of revised versions of everything, even, so I am told by friends who attend Houses of Convocation, of the Commandments. There are, of course, three golfing commandments, "Slow back," "Don't press," and "Keep your eye on the ball," and it seems to me that the first two might be boiled down into "Don't hurry," without losing any of their essential qualities. Now, I do not like revised versions. The art which can turn the splendid "Is thy servant a dog?" into a rather mean-spirited "What is thy servant which is but a dog?" is one to be distrusted. Nevertheless, in this case I confess to a weakness for my own particular revised version.

"Don't hurry" seems to me to have several advantages over "Slow back." Sir Walter Simpson pointed out one of the dangers of "Slow back" by that delightful illustration of a man trying to grab a fly on his ear. It is painfully easy to go so slow as to lose rhythm; and then, again, what is the good of going back ever so slow if we make a sudden dart at the ball from the top of the swing? The really critical moment is just when the club is getting to the turning point, when it has got as far up as it can and is going to begin coming down. If we are over-hasty then, all that antecedent and laborious virtue has been in vain. "Don't hurry" takes in that crucial moment. It seems to envelop both up and down swings in an atmosphere of leisureliness.

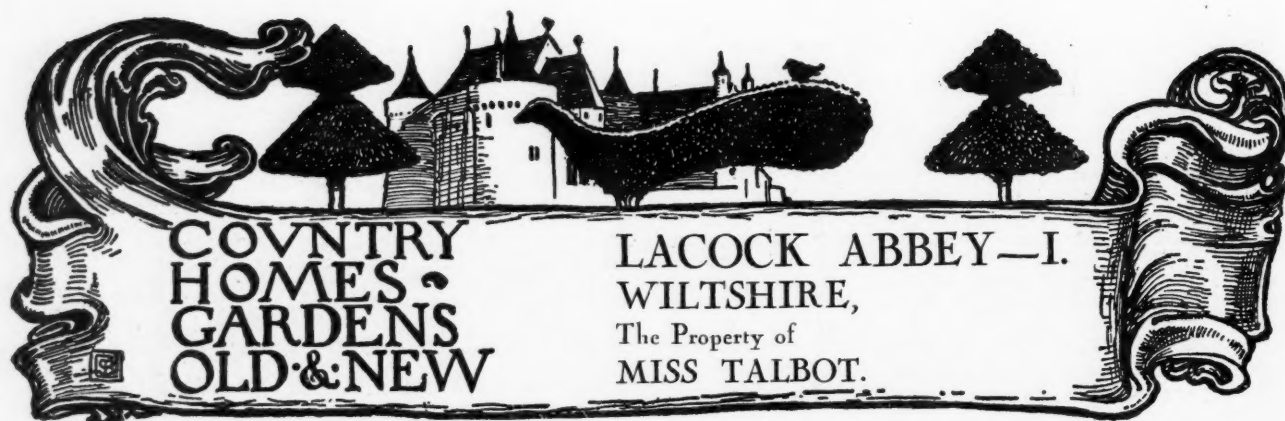
Jack White, who is an admirable teacher, with a gift for arresting and memorable phrases, once told me that "Slow knee" was the best way of expressing "Slow back." The knee in question is, of course, the left one. If anyone will take the trouble to try a swing, while allowing the left knee to move only at a deliberate pace, he will find that the club cannot be "snatched" back and that he has a general sensation of taking his time. Moreover, if the left knee moves slowly, that atrocious criminal the left foot cannot easily indulge in the war-dance to which it is so fatally prone. But "Slow knee" is only useful on the way

back and will not of itself stop that pouncing on the ball as if it were going to bolt off the tee.

"Don't hurry" is, as I said before, more comprehensive, and, I think, it really comprehends all the virtues of "Don't press." The verb "to press" is generally translated as meaning to hit too hard, but does it not really mean to hit too soon? If only we can wait long enough, we can hit almost as hard as we like with impunity. There is another danger of mistranslating "Don't press." By substituting a positive for a negative, we render it as "Hit gently." I can remember to have done so many times. Every time the result was immediately gratifying and ultimately disastrous. After the first few shots I hit so gently that I did not hit at all, and the last state of my swing was worse than the first.

When it comes to the third golfing commandment, "Keep your eye on the ball," he would be a bold man who would suggest its supersession. There are some who prefer "Keep your head still," and, certainly, if we do keep the head still we shall not take the eye off the ball. It all depends on what sort of a mental picture a particular phrase conveys to a particular golfer's mind. To me "Keep your head still" always conveys something too cramped. It reminds me of that unpleasant machine which a photographer affixes to our heads before he tells us to look pleasant. If I was compelled to re-write "Keep your eye on the ball," I should rather say, "See the ball when you hit it." That is, I admit, rather feeble; it has not the right snap; the typical taint of a revised version is upon it; but there is something to be said for it. It is incontestable that the moment of striking is the moment at which it is important for us to see the ball, but if we think about seeing it all the time we are taking the club up, we sometimes forget about it on the way down. Psychologists tell us that we cannot concentrate our attention on anything for more than a very short while and can prove the fact to us by diagrams. After we have gazed at the diagram for a second or two its pattern, if I may so express it, looks quite a new and different one. The moral is, presumably, that if we really want to concentrate our attention on the ball at the supreme moment we should not begin to do so too soon. That is the point of my revised version, for what it may be worth.

It may also be said that it is possible to keep the eye on the ball too long and, by looking too fixedly at the spot where the ball used to be, to cramp the follow through. No doubt it is possible, just as it is possible to hit the ball too late instead of too soon, but in the case of the average player it is highly improbable. We may appear occasionally to cramp ourselves by looking too hard at the ball, but we do so really, I fancy, through a muddle-headed notion that we cannot see the ball unless we get our noses very close down to it. We can stand up and see it just as well. So, altogether, in this instance I am against the revised version and prefer the wisdom of my ancestors.



**A**T Lacock Abbey architectural styles are so mixed and multiplied that it might well have presented a jarring accretion rather than a blended composition. Very fortunate it is that seven centuries of drastic additions and subtractions have produced a balanced sum total. There may be scope for criticism, and even for regret. But there is nothing to give pain or offence to the trained eye and the informed taste. Indeed, there is much to give delight and produce admiration. Encompassing two courts, are brought together materials that almost suffice to illustrate a comprehensive treatise on our native and imported styles, and to illustrate it not only aptly but with distinction. Here, in truth, is rich feasting for one whose catholicity of taste enables him to enjoy by turn the diverse items of this lengthy architectural menu. The considerable remaining work of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries has some fourteenth century trifles interspersed. The Early Tudor reconstitution of Sir William Sharington is everywhere *en evidence*, but culminates in the octagonal south-east tower.

We get the beginning of the Late Renaissance period in the library and the end of it in the dining-room; while, contemporaneously with the latter, we can study the pre-Strawberry Hill dawn of the "Gothic taste" in the rebuilt hall. Lastly, we get the "restoration" era which, early in the nineteenth

century, gave oriels to the south side, and early in the twentieth century conjecturally replaced the Early English fenestration of the east side where clumsy arches had been broken through.

Such is a brief epitome of the survey which we will now make, and which will not be very intelligible without reference to the chequered history of this very composite but picturesque group of buildings.

The Domesday Surveyors found Lacock to be one of the thirty-eight manors then held by Edward, the Sheriff. Who he was we know not. The "Book of Lacock" makes him the English-born son of the Norman "Walter le Ewrus" on whom the Conqueror, it says, bestowed the great domains of Salisbury and Amesbury. But this Walter is so shadowy a personage that Freeman, in his "Norman Conquest," is inclined to set him aside and suggest that Edward of Salisbury might be not only English by birth but also by blood, and thus be the ancestor of a "great mediæval family which was really of English descent, but which invented a Norman forefather for itself," as is true of the Saxon lord of Raby who assumed the Norman name of Neuville or Nevill (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XXXVIII, page 760).

If we know nothing of Edward of Salisbury's forebears we know much of his descendants. His grandson, Patrick, siding against Stephen and with Matilda, was given by her the Salisbury earldom. Patrick's son had no male heir, so that







"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE CHAPTER HOUSE AND THE EAST WALK OF THE CLOISTER.

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3.—THE SACRISTY AND CHAPELS.

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4.—LOOKING NORTH DOWN THE EAST WALK OF THE CLOISTER.

the great estates and the claim to the earldom centred in his daughter Ela. It was probably in 1198 that she was given, as a child-wife, to William Longsword, who, as one of Henry II's illegitimate sons, was King Richard's half-brother. Thereupon he became known as Earl of Salisbury, and we recently read of him (COUNTRY LIFE, June 3rd, 1922) outside Dover Castle, when, having deserted the cause of his young nephew, Henry III, he endeavoured to persuade Hubert de Burgh to follow suit. That was in 1216, and in 1224 he is reported lost on a voyage home from France. Hubert, a great and honest administrator, but a keen advancer of his own kinsmen, at once asks and obtains King Henry's consent to the marriage of a nephew with the supposed widow. Ela contemptuously refuses, and soon after her husband turns up safe and sound, but in a towering rage with both King and Minister. Two years later the earl actually did die, but Ela, true to his memory, determined to be the bride, not of man but of Christ, and by 1229 was founding at Lacock a home of Augustinian canonesses. It was sufficiently in being for her to enter it as a novice in 1238 in order that, as soon as the period of her novitiate was passed, she might become its first abbess. That office she assumed in 1240 on the Feast of the Assumption (August 15th), being then over fifty years old. She "zealously governed the flock" until 1256, and then, "perceiving herself to be affected with old age," she appointed one of her nuns to take her place, and spent five years "released from every care," before death came to her in 1261.

Sufficient of the fabric as it took shape in her day remains to enable us, with the help of the late owner, Mr. Charles Talbot and other archæologists who have surveyed and studied the building, to reconstruct its earliest plan and picture its aspect. That, however, has only been fully possible since 1898, when, with the help of donations from the Society of Antiquaries and from the Wilts Archæological Society, excavations were made under the supervision of Mr. Harold Brakspear, who was thus enabled to exactly locate the foundations of the abbey church which had been pulled down by Sir William Sharington after the Dissolution. The church occupied the south side of a quadrangle, around the other sides of which were grouped the buildings that accommodated the abbess and her nuns. As a result of his investigations Mr. Brakspear



wrote a paper, accompanied by a careful chronological plan of the abbey. This was read to the Society of Antiquaries in 1899 and published in the fifty-seventh volume of the "Archæologia." He found that the church had been built as "an aisleless parallelogram" 143 feet long by 28 feet wide, divided into seven bays, without any structural division between the nave and choir (see plan, Fig. 13). The length of the nave was the same as, and was coterminous with, the cloister and its garth. The choir lay alongside of the buildings on the east side of the cloister, but outstripped them by about twenty feet. As all the claustral buildings except the church were left standing by Sir William Sharington (whose reconstitution of the place as a house for his own occupation took place during the years 1540-53), the north wall of the church, separating it from the cloister and sacristy, was necessarily retained, and, despite alterations, such as nineteenth century Gothic bay windows, still presents features which enabled Mr. Brakspear to establish the fact that the church had possessed all the characteristics which we should expect from such an edifice erected in the days of the Abbess Ela—that is, during the reign of Henry III and the prevalence of the Early English Pointed style. The cloister, about ten feet wide and running round a court or garth 60ft. across, then consisted of "wooden pentice roofs supported next the court on continuous open arcades . . . formed by twin columns of Purbeck marble, carrying trefoiled-headed arches." The illustrations show that this was largely replaced by a stone vaulted structure in the fifteenth century, but fragments have been found sufficient to indicate that Abbess Ela had used the Purbeck marble shafts so largely resorted to in her time. Construction similar in style yet survives to form the archways from cloister to chapter house (Fig. 2). The latter occupied the second space of the east range of buildings, between it and the choir being located a vaulted area of similar size, of which the western portion will have been the sacristy, but the eastern portion two chapels. The illustration (Fig. 3) shows a light octagonal column supporting the vaults of the sacristy, and a large pier with a respond against each side wall supporting the arches that form the division between sacristy and chapels. Through the one arch are seen the shouldered head and the basin of a piscina and the trefoil-headed door which gave from the southern chapel to the choir of the church. The same scheme of piers, arches and vaulting was used for the chapter house (Fig. 2); while circular pillars were set in the centre of the warming house (Fig. 7) that lay north of the chapter house and was separated from it by a passage to the infirmary. Over all this eastern undercroft lay the canonesses' dormer, or sleeping-room, with roof similar to that of the frater (Fig. 8), or eating-room, which occupied the same level along the north range, having cellarage and, perhaps, a parlour under it. Its west end abutted against the kitchen, which, occupying the corner, was equally handy for the service of the abbess's hall, lying, with her lodging, in the western range. This range, although probably dating before Abbess Ela's death, must have been planned and undertaken somewhat later than the church, of which the north-west angle buttresses were built as independent features, against which the corner of the west range merely abuts.

Such were the main features of the abbey as designed for its foundress, and more than half a century elapsed after her death before any appreciable alteration was made, for 1315 is the date of a building



5.—CLOISTER-WORK OF THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.



6.—LOOKING SOUTH DOWN THE EAST WALK OF THE CLOISTER.



7.—THE NUNS WARMING HOUSE.

In the centre is seen the great "Pottage Pot," made in Mechlin in A.D. 1500.



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8.—THE ROOF OF THE FRATER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The frater lay over an undercroft on the north side of the cloister, and was open to the roof until the close of the monastic period.



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9.—THE NORTH END OF THE EAST ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

agreement between Abbess Johanna de Montfort and Sir John Bluet as to the erection of the lady chapel which stood south of and was of the same length as the choir, as we know partly from the surviving agreement and partly from such—somewhat scanty—remnants of the foundations as it has been possible to locate. Another half century passed, and then there is structural evidence to indicate a rebuilding of the west walk of the cloister, although it is no longer in existence. Then, as the fifteenth century approached, the south-west corner and the first bay of the south walk were re-erected so as to accommodate a private chapel for the abbess above them. That was the moment when the Decorated style still lingered, but the Perpendicular manner, which the monks of Gloucester appear to have evolved and instituted for their cathedral extensions between 1331 and 1350, was beginning to take hold. Thus, along the whole of the southern cloister walk at Lacock the same masons' marks are discoverable on the stones. Yet the corner archway and the first bay (Fig. 5) belong to the earlier, and the rest of this walk, with the whole of the east and north walks, to the later style, so that there was probably no lengthy interval between the various sections of the work. The new spacing of the cloister bays, and the fact that the ribbing of the new vault had to spring from shafts on the inner side spaced like those on the outer side, brought about awkward problems where such shafts struck existing features. Most especially was this the case where the chapter house arches occupy almost one-third of the wall side of the east walk. It was impossible to set the new vaulting shafts centrally in the spaces between the three chapter house arches. But, with a little give and take, any considerable breaking in upon the arches was avoided and a picturesque clustering was given by the grouping of the new and older shafts (Fig. 6), whereas where the sacristy doorway was intrusive the door-frame was made to support the clustered vaulting ribs without a shaft (Fig. 4). The north walk, towards its western end, had the lavatory recess, obtained by diminishing the thickness of the wall dividing the cloister from the frater undercroft. Here the original arrangement so interfered with the fifteenth century vaulting scheme that it was remodelled. The recess was mostly filled in and "a projecting bason with richly panelled pedestal built in front." This was destroyed in the sixteenth century and the recess finally filled in. One half of it has now been investigated, and, besides shields with arms, there was found on the wall a painting—

of a bishop, probably St. Augustine, holding up his hand in benediction to a kneeling female figure to his right hand,





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10.—INSIDE THE STABLE COURT, LOOKING NORTH-WEST.  
The stable court dates from the years following the Dissolution.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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11.—OUTSIDE THE STABLE COURT, LOOKING WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 12.—THE EAST RANGE OF THE STABLE COURT, MEETING THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE MONASTIC BUILDING.

apparently intended for the abbess, as she holds a crosier. On the left hand of the bishop is a conventional representation of a garden.

Beyond the lavabo the north walk ended with the approach to the stairs of the frater, and intersected with the west walk. The latter was subsequently removed, as appears in the illustration of the garth (Fig. 5), where, through the late fourteenth century arch of the south walk, the fifteenth century north walk is seen, but to the left only the bare wall that formed the back of the west walk.

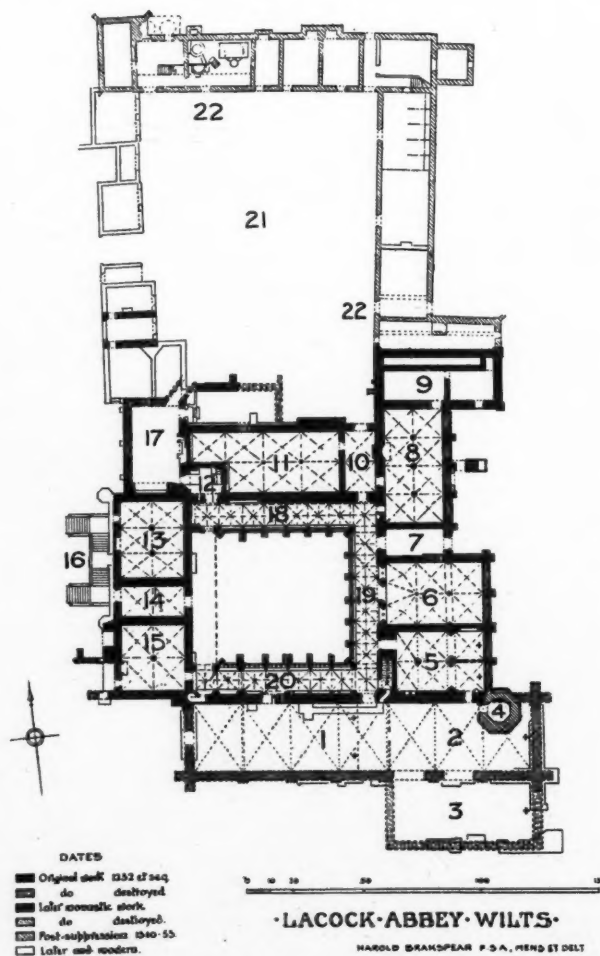
In the warming house of the mediæval monastery a fire was kept burning all through the winter, and here alone the monks or nuns could seek warmth. Hence the great canopied fireplace (Fig. 7) which caused this space in later times to be mistaken for the kitchen, and in it has been placed, besides numerous mediæval fragments, the nun's boiler, "a large Pottage Pott founded of Bell mettall for the use of this Abby," as it is described by Thomas Dingley, who adds that it is so unwieldy as to be unfit for common use, being "capable of nine Bushell of Pease Winchester measure." Thus, visiting Lacock on St. George's Day, 1684, he found it out of doors and "saw Turnips grow therein." He noticed, "round its Belly," the Latin inscription which he translates thus:

By Peter Wagherens in Mechlin was I founded or made in the Year of our Lord One Thousand five hundred. Prayse be to God and Glory to Christ.

There were not very many years left for the nuns to boil their peas in it. Spared when most of the other lesser monasteries were dissolved in 1535 because of its good conduct, the general Dissolution of four years later made an end of this "Hedde

#### PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR.

- 1, 2, 3.—Nave, choir and lady chapel of monastic church, destroyed circa 1540.  
4.—Sharington's tower, erected circa 1550.  
5, 6, 7, 8.—Sacristy and chapels; chapter house; infirmary passage; warming house. Over all these ran the dorter, converted by Sharington into stone gallery and chambers.  
9.—Rere dorter. 10, 11.—Parlour and cellars with frater over them.  
12.—Frater stair. 13, 14, 15.—Undercroft to abbess's hall and lodging, reconstituted by Ivory Talbot in 1753. 16.—Ivory Talbot's stairway to his hall door. 17.—Kitchen. 18.—North cloister walk with lavabo.  
19.—East cloister walk. 20.—South cloister walk. A building ran above it, afterwards reconstituted as a gallery. 21.—Stable court. 22, 22.—Renaissance doorways.



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house of nunes of S. Augusteynes rule, of great and large buyldings set in a towne." The surrender was signed early in 1539, and in the following year the abbey and its possessions were granted to Sir William Sharnington in return for payments totalling £783.

Sharnington was one of the many men "on the make" in the opportunist but risky times of Henry VIII and his son. At first fortunate in his dealings with men and matters, he then imprudently "backed the wrong horse," in the shape of Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, and in 1549 he would have suffered the same fate as the latter, had he not turned King's evidences against him. We shall see, when we look into his career next week, that his political and administrative acts were apt to be quite as shady as was customary with the new men who formed the entourage of King Hal. But his personality is interesting, and there is dramatic light and shade in the ups and downs of his fortunes. And there is more about him. From what he did at Lacock and elsewhere, and from sundry scraps of surviving evidence, it seems not unlikely that, had he floated into secure prominence and lived somewhat longer, he would have had an important influence upon the domestic architecture of the second half of the sixteenth century. We shall see that there are grounds for thinking that he only just missed heading a school that sought to continue the direct Italian influence on our architecture. This was introduced into the England of Henry VIII by the advent and work of such men as Torrigiano, but was overwhelmed by the stronger tide of the Flemish interpretation of Renaissance principles that flooded England under Elizabeth and, resisting the efforts of Inigo Jones to drain it off, continued to cover the land until the date of the restoration of the Stuarts, a century after the death of William Sharnington.

His acquisition of Lacock dates from 1540. In January, 1549, we shall find that he was arrested, and his attainder followed. But in 1550 he was pardoned and in favour until his death in 1553. His transformation of Lacock from a convent to a layman's country house was well advanced, but incomplete, at the

time of his fall in 1549, as in that year a survey speaks of "the manor house wherein the lord dwelleth" as being "anew building," implying that much had been done, but that there was still work in hand. The monastic church was superfluous; there were sufficient fine substantial buildings for his purpose surrounding the other three sides of the cloister garth, and so he did not follow the example of Lord Sandys and Thomas Wriothesley, who at the priories of Mottisfont and Titchfield were including the fabric of the churches in their housing schemes. Sharnington pulled down the whole of the conventual church except its north wall, which—being also the south wall of the gallery over the cloister walk—was retained, and an octagonal tower built at the south-east corner (Fig. 1). Most of the accommodation that he needed he contrived on the upper floor of the nunnery, and hence the fortunate survival of the mediæval work of cloister and chapter house, sacristy and warming house. But for his men and horses he needed more room, and the stable court bears the appearance of having been entirely built anew by him. Walls of rubble with ashlar dressings and roof of stone tiles are characteristic not only of the abbey but of the whole village of Lacock, although massive timber framing also appears in the latter as it does in the great dormers and the belfry storey of Sharnington's stables. The most important range runs east and west along the north side of the court, and both its elevations (Figs. 10 and 11) are very picturesque. At the east corner the building turns at right angles and meets the rere-dorter building of the abbey (Fig. 12). The general feeling of the stable building is that of local craftsmanship hereditarily founded on mediæval construction and forms. But there are a few advanced Renaissance details betraying Sharnington's Italian leanings and love. Such are the square and entablatured doorways on each of the inner sides of the court, and still more the single classic column with Ionic capital that appears below a built-up doorway in the rere-dorter building. Consideration of such details must, however, be deferred until we discuss what would have come to be known as the Sharningtonian style had more examples of his work survived.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## REMOTE AVELANA

THE day had scarcely broken when I passed out of the southern gate of Urbino one September morning. In the ravine girding the rubicund and pinnaced city of the Montefeltros night still lingered beneath the dew-dropped vines. Before extended from east to west the successive mountain ranges of the Apennines, the more lofty peaks and buttresses of which were of a pale pink where they caught the not yet sloping rays of the sun, and barely distinguishable from the pale sky beyond them. Through them my path lay, and beyond them—what wonders were not to be found? Somewhere among those great rolling spurs, too, up an invisible valley, beneath the highest of their summits, I should discover Avelana.

As I strode at a good early morning pace along the valley road, and Urbino on its hill-top was hidden by lesser but more imminent terraced slopes, I wondered why it was I should be thus consumed by a desire to behold that monastery of Avelana. And as my fortunes varied, so did the musings answers to the question—for, never finding an entirely satisfactory solution, the matter continually cried for settlement. When the sun grew hotter and the road dusty the craving for adventure, hardly to be satisfied in men who dislike being actually shot at, seemed an unduly romantic reason. Moreover, an incident persuaded me that I was too timorous for adventure, disposing of that explanation, for I met a brother of the road, a companion. He was an unkempt individual, who carried his boots in his hand, rather than on his feet, for comfort's sake, and had I desired adventure as strongly as I had earlier that morning imagined, I should not have walked so as to be able to watch his movements. No—I was too cowardly: apprehensive of a mere poor countryman. None the less, we talked and smoked together, and he told me that the Fascisti had shot a man the night before in Fermignano—a matter of personal pique, he assured me. He himself—like all peasants—kept apart from politics.

And so we walked together upon the banks of the Metaurus—somewhereabouts Hasdrubal was defeated by the Romans and the city saved—until our ways divided: his to Fossombrone and mine up into the first flanking range of the hills, along a tributary stream of the Metaurus. The limestone crags and dull green, scrubby skyline seemed to have no break through which the river and I could pass, and yet the excellent large-scale military map I held assured me I was on the right road. Soon, however, a narrow passage opened out, and the nearer one approached it the narrower it appeared. The hills closed in and formed, with vast vertical cliffs, a most marvellous gorge,

where the road and river, bordering each other, were overhung by bare rock precipices. It was like an oven. The sun streamed down, and not a bush was there to throw six inches of shade. Over a bend of the river I could see a huge buttress of rock jut out from my side into the clear green water and apparently bar the road. But a little further and a tunnel through it appeared. For this was the Furlo Pass, through which the Flaminian Way reached the Adriatic coast at Fano. The tunnel was bored under Vespasian, and the record is still legible above its mouth. How on earth the great mass of rock was negotiated before I cannot imagine, for it descends sheer into the river and sheer up to the summit of the cliffs.

Why, why was I tramping to Avelana?—the question beat in time to my dust-stirring steps in the heat. For a new sensation? The devil take new sensations! Was not being stewed in sweat in a limestone cauldron a new enough sensation? In the comparative cool of the tunnel I paused and remembered I had not eaten since half-past five; but to sit in the tunnel was out of the question, there being nothing but dust to sit on. So, out again into the glare, till I came to the shadow cast by the opposite cliff. There, upon a soft patch of grass, I took off my boots and dangled my feet over the river and ate, until the confounded shadow moved on and left me in the sun. I pursued it, and then it shifted out into the river. No siesta here! So shouldering my pack again I pushed on. I knew it was foolish to march through the heat of the day, but what else was there to do? A wayside wine-shop was too crowded to rest in, though it provided me with encouragement and another companion—a slow, solid man with a gun over his shoulder. "You are English?" he asked in soft American tones. Surprised, I acquiesced. Here was the first instance of this most astonishing fact in Central Italian peasant life. In these wilds who would think to find an obvious small-holder speaking English? And yet, I was to find many good friends in remote villages among the mountains who spoke our language. Like the rest, this man had been some twelve years in America and, having amassed sufficient wealth, returned to his native hills and bought a farm, which we presently came to; and he left me.

By now the pass was widening out, and vineyards lay again ahead; but still nowhere for a man to stretch himself on shady grass. It was about now that, finding no reason why I should visit Avelana, I decided not to. Any curiosity I had formerly felt was extinct. All I desired was shade—shade and to lie down. In the nick of time I came to a dry brook running away from the road, with a steep bank and an overhanging bush. I threw

myself down and listened to my heart battering my ribs. How long I lay there I do not know. I did not sleep, for from somewhere out in the heat came the tinkle of ox bells. In my doze the patch of shade seemed a world in itself, and the intermittent "tinky tinky" of those little bells the voice of planets swimming in illimitable space unutterably remote; and then my patch was a boat, drifting over a lake in the depths of which the old wives told of a great city, for its long-forgotten wickedness overwhelmed by the waters, whence, of a silent evening, the church bells those people would not in their lifetime heed could still be heard defying the creeping, loathsome creatures of a glutinous deep. Would Avelana, among its forests, have such bells? And I stirred, uneasy at my ease.

Up again and on the road. The bells jangled as I passed an ox-cart that was being loaded, the cruppers of the beasts crowned by fantastic erections of crimson wool and straw in which those exasperating bells were hung.

I had never contemplated reaching Avelana that night. The main chain of the Apennines, in which, somewhere to my left, it lay, were now mounting higher and higher before me. Soon I should come to a town—Cagli—and there I would sleep. It was a little white city, backed by the blue-shadowed slopes of the hills, with the river curving beneath wooded banks to its foot. And footsore and irritable, I soon plodded up the steep cobbled street to the *albergo*. Cagli is rarely visited by foreigners, and then only to look at two of the better works of Giovanni Sanzi of Urbino, Raphael's father, which are in the Franciscan church. It is never slept in, though the inn is clean.

I estimated that Avelana would be but a short march of fifteen miles from Cagli. I should walk along the face of the mountains to Frontone and then strike up and over a saddle. Next morning, though, the clouds hung low on the hills and torrential rain was falling. A treacherous pause in the storm betrayed me into setting forth, and in the room of the inn, as I paid the reckoning, a hairy black ape of a man, his shirt open on his woolly chest, spoke to me in English. "Ah, yes. Avelana. *Fratì*—in the mountain," he said, and I set forth. But soon the rain came on again and the mountains seemed inexpressibly forbidding. At this rate the saddle and the mule track which I intended to follow would be buried in the mist, besides excessively wet. One, two, three miles, I battled on against heavy driving rain. It would stop. But that it did not! I was drenched through my waterproof. I tried to light a pipe, but a cascade from my hat all but flooded my matchbox. Heavy at heart, I confessed myself beaten and turned back on Cagli. Ignominiously I spent the rest of the morning in bed at the inn, having my clothes dried. Not that they were when I put them on again. The day dragged monotonously on, and the inhabitants of this disgusting little town pursued their trivial business. To kill time I studied the registration sheet of the hotel. All my predecessors were "commercials," save for an architect from Florence who occasionally figured in it, and a bank official from Ancona. No wonder. Nothing but remorseless duty should bring a man to Cagli. In the afternoon I strolled in my still moisture-stiffened clothes into the *piazza*. From a knot of gossiping men my hairy ape friend emerged, and, full of shame, I confessed that the rain had turned me back from Avelana, but that I should take the evening train to Frontone and, if the clouds kept up, slip over the pass before night-fall. My going seemed to make some sensation among the loiterers in the *piazza*, who now had shifted to my neighbourhood.

"A Avelana!"—and they wagged their heads. But the hairy man, good fellow that he was, introduced me to a friend of his who spoke English and who lived near to Avelana. He would set me on my way. Now, what Englishman, I wondered, would have taken the trouble so to help a stranger?

My new friend, as we went to the station and rode in the train, told me of his family, of his sick wife in hospital at Cagli whom he had come to visit, of his travels, of seventeen years in the States, of a visit to Glasgow, and of the mountains, also of the wolves that prowled up there. And so we came to Frontone—a station beneath a pinnacle of rock crowned by the old town on the one hand, and the mountains that separated me from Avelana on the other. As we arrived the rain burst on us again, and I wondered where I should spend that night, for there was no inn at Frontone. A meagre group of houses round the railway station formed the "modern town," and none but two families of cobblers lived in the old town on the pinnacle. So my friend told me as we walked towards his house. He was a carpenter, and when we arrived a happy but rather grave little girl welcomed him. She had been brought up in America and, so her father said, spoke English better than Italian. She brought food—bread and a tin of sardines—and we ate together, he heartily, I to please him. The rain had now ceased and the clouds lifted, so that up a valley I could see the black mass of Monte Catria, at whose foot I knew Avelana to be. It was now or never. The carpenter could not put me up, so I gave a block of chocolate to his little girl and we set forth, this good man accompanying me upon the first stage of my way. That was until we reached a hamlet where a friend of his, an English speaker, would help me if I needed assistance. He would have come further, only he walked slowly, and I knew I had all need for haste: for it was then six o'clock and past, and night fell, I knew, at seven; moreover, it was a good three or four and more miles over bad going and up-hill. So I was eager to go my own pace, lest darkness should discover me not yet in sight of Avelana. Therefore we parted—I full of gratitude for the way these men had gone out of their way, literally, to help me, and I last saw the carpenter of Frontone looking sadly after me (for he had the grave face common to carpenters from St. Joseph's time onward), framed in the black halo of his umbrella.

It was a race; as I scrambled up the stony track, more like a watercourse, the shadows chased me and the clouds lowered on the breast of Catria, the huge, black, brooding mass above me. A chill wind arose as the light silvered, and soon it was blowing a hurricane, though at my back. I passed a belated labourer, gaunt and twisted as he battled with the wind, and I shouted for Avelana. I was at least on the right road, but still upwards

it stretched, till I could hardly see to walk. The path had been vague and boulder-strewn; but gradually it became grassy—pleasanter to tread but harder to see; also it became less steep, till I found myself on level ground. A few more yards, I rounded a shoulder, and I knew I was on the saddle. Avelana lay below me. At least, a great black gulf lay below me, whence the tortured, wind-twisted branches of stunted trees clawed up at me. But, far below, in the gloom among the hanging woods, I could discern a dim campanile. As the wind shrieked over the pass I thought, too, I heard the chime of bells—"tinky tinky"—out of the abyss. But it must have been imagination.

I began the descent, tripping over rocks and continually mistaking the grey



THE ABBEY AT THE FOOT OF MONTE CATRIA.



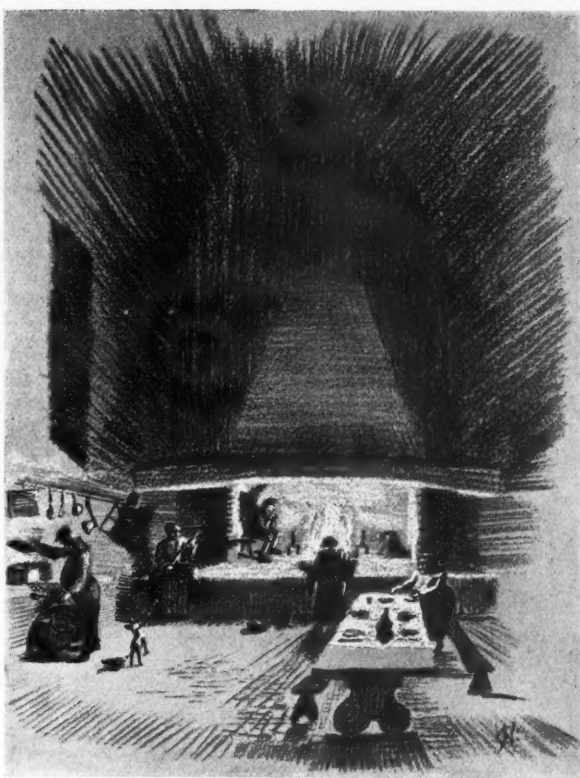
But that was the track. What would my reception be at the monastery? Would there be a great portal, with a horn for me to blow? Would chanting choirs of monks initiate me? Surely, it was the hour of vespers, and out of the tempestuous night I should push open a door into the abbey church where, far up the aisle, monks would be intoning and the smoke of incense would cloud the candle haloes. A few minutes of sliding and slipping down the rocky track, among boulders of dreadful shape, and maliciously grabbing deformed trees brought me to a stone building. A savage voice shouted something at me from the darkness. "Avelana!" I cried, "Avelana!" as it had been some mystic charm against the elf folk of that fearful forest. The voice died away in mutterings and I passed on.

Suddenly a tower loomed in front of me, and at its base just such a cavernous arch as I had imagined. But as I clattered beneath it no gate barred my way, no horn invited me to wind it. Nothing but the echo of my footsteps and the moaning of the wind. I found myself in a large court, with masses of buildings on three sides and a sheer drop on the fourth into pitch night. Not a glimmer. Not a sound. But yes! On the wind came—it could hardly be, but it certainly was—the moan of a child. I tracked the sound. It led me up an inky passage hollowed out of the hillside against the outer wall of the monastery. It issued from a cottage among the outbuildings. I knocked at a door. "Avanti!" cried one within, and I pushed open the door, explaining as well as I could, to the dim firelit crew within, my requirements. They directed me to a certain bell beneath a loggia that I should find in the court. I found the bell, rang it, and listened to its sepulchral reverberations in the depths of the black pile. Almost immediately a *guichet* was opened just above my head and three or four men peered out, to whom I again explained myself, mounting on a block of stone to be nearer them. We argued for a space till they were satisfied, and at length a wicket door was opened in the great portal and I bowed my head and entered Avelana.

By the flickering candle that the porter held I perceived mysterious vaults and groins peopled by flitting shadows, grotesque darting forms. The man led me along echoing corridors into a cavernous and pitchy chamber with an uneven earthen floor and then opened an arched door.

Before me stretched a very large hall, vaulted with impenetrable darkness. At the far end was an enormous chimney and fire, before which a monk, his back to me, was warming his hands. Two hounds and several cats came bounding towards me, smelt me and wagged their tails. Three or four other persons eyed me in silence, looking up from various tasks. A long refectory table occupied part of this gargantuan kitchen—for such the spits and choppers and pots and bottles and pans hanging from the wall suggested it was; moreover, from somewhere came a savoury smell of cooking.

I wished them good evening and threw my pack into a corner, whereupon one invited me to sit and warm myself up in the angle-nook. As I sat by the roaring fire I could examine my companions. The one beside me was a bronzed, handsome youth—Beppo by name; then there was the old monk, in a white robe, with high cracked voice; the man who had opened the door to



A VERY LARGE HALL, VAULTED WITH SHADOWS.

me was cleaning a gun, and another man was stirring soup a-boil upon a range (a blacksmith, he told me afterwards). Finally, there was an aged woman, myriad-wrinkled, with a kerchief about her head. They were preparing the evening meal, which soon we fell to eating—a simple but ample repast, washed down with wine from a wickered flask. The meal over, I stood cigarettes and tobacco for those who smoked, and, since they were very poor folk, able to buy very little tobacco, they were glad. To the others I offered chocolate—what remained of it. First we talked, in simple variously repeated phrases. Even the blacksmith had been to England, but had forgotten the language; the other man had been to France. Then I began to draw in my book the scene I have described at my entry—to their huge glee, as their forms and the kitchen and dogs and cats took shape. But one by one their heads fell forward on their arms on the table where we sat, for they were all weary. So was I. Therefore we set out for bed, they all conducting me along more passages, beneath frescoed vaults and up a broad flight of stone steps into a gigantic corridor (seventy yards long, I measured it next day) the walls of which were hung with mouldering pictures of forgotten cardinals, with an endless succession of doors opening from it. Mine was labelled "S. Tommaso." Within, a fair, clean apartment, frescoed in the ordinary Italian fashion; and so they left me. From my window I could see the mountain stretching up, up into the night, and the wind howled. At a carved walnut prie-dieu beside the bed I thanked God for my warmth, my kindly hosts and my astonishing surroundings.

Next morning I slipped on my clothes and strolled about the rambling barrack to which I had come in darkness, and eventually to the kitchen, where the smith was boiling coffee. These men, very poor they told me, lived here as servants of the monastery, at its expense, and kept the place going. The brethren had lately withdrawn to Sassoferrato, further down the valley, so that only one or two, sent thither when sick for the good air, lived there to tend the great church. This we talked of as we breakfasted. Their bread was hard as bricks and had to be soaked in the coffee to be eaten. Later, the monk led me over the buildings. The show place was a cell whither Dante had retired, on his exile from Florence, as he went to Ravenna. But it was a dull little room. Indeed, for an antiquarian the whole place had little interest; it was practically all whitewashed and had been completely redecorated within during baroque times. There were, however, two or three magnificently carved refectory tables with the lyre-shaped legs of the one in the kitchen—but little more. So I went out on to the mountain side and drew a picture of the opposite entry to that by which I had come.

Soon after eleven o'clock we ate, and then I buckled on my pack, with many leave-takings, paid a modest (but, for the quality of the food, somewhat excessive) bill, received a present of walnuts from Beppo, and passed beneath the lychgate, down on my way beside a gurgling brook beneath beech woods. Mountains still rose precipitous on either hand, but now they had no terrors for me, and gradually I left them behind and came in four hours to Sassoferrato, a vile little town.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## THE STARLING

The starling struts all valiantly  
In shining green and gold,  
They say he is a noisy bird,  
They call him bad and bold;  
Yet, in the evening, facing west,  
When the light is growing dim  
He sits upon a chimney-pot  
And sings a little hymn:  
A little quiet peaceful hymn  
Of joy and thanks and praise  
Such as we all might wish to sing  
In the evening of our days.

F. C. N. W.

## NOTES ON THE ROCK GARDEN OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, EDINBURGH

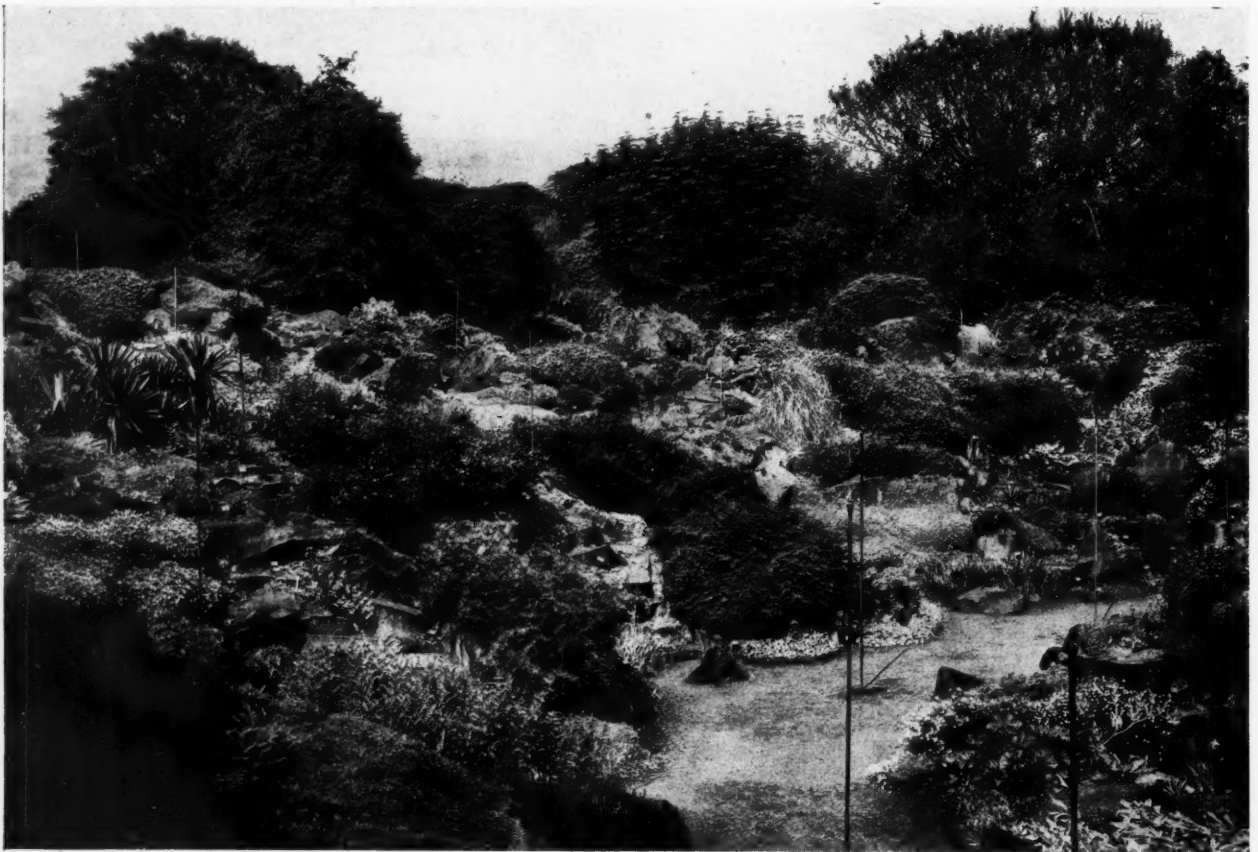
By R. L. HARROW.

THERE is no actual information available as to the date when the rockery of the Royal Botanic Gardens was first made, but we do know that it was considerably enlarged in 1865, when the Experimental Garden of the Caledonian Horticultural Society was absorbed by the Royal Botanic Gardens. These gardens were separated by a wall, the stones of which were largely used for the extension of the existing rockery. The pockets were originally of symmetrical pattern formed with no eye for a natural effect. They were simply squares of a foot or more, made with the flattish slabs which had been hacked off the wall, and each square contained its separate species. It was this style of garden architecture which the late Mr. Reginald Farrer referred to in his book, "My Rock Garden," as the "devil's lapful." Needless to say, none of this old garden remains.

About twenty years ago the late Sir I. B. Balfour began its reconstruction. The stone selected was a conglomerate, quarried at Callendar, and outcrops of red sandstone were used for those plants preferring moister conditions. Large blocks were used,

its wonderful shade of blue. The former is perennial, but the latter must be sown every year to keep up a succession of plants. *M. quintuplinervia* is also a remarkable plant with its spreading habit and graceful nodding blooms of pale blue. Among others of importance are *M. horridula*, *M. integrifolia* and *M. latifolia*. In the moister ground, near the only boggy portion of the garden, are grown a number of *Gentians*, where very fine results are obtained from *G. Farreri*. Close by is *G. sino-ornata*, a month later than *Farrer* and studded with much darker flowers. But all *gentians* seem to grow with but little particular care in a moist loamy soil. By growing them in close proximity comparison is easy, and others of note in our *gentian* collection are *G. Veitchiorum*, *G. Lawrencei*, *G. prolata*, and *G. verna*. So luxuriantly does *G. sino-ornata* grow in Scotland that somebody once declared that it might be used to feed cows.

*Saxifrages* are well represented in their different sections, many of them forming mats several yards across. Their long season of flowering from early spring onwards is a great advantage, *S. sancta* being, at the present moment, smothered in a sheet of



A PORTION OF THE ROCK GARDEN, SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF WATERING.

The upright pipes send out a gentle spray, which saves the labour of direct watering, and does not damage delicate plants.

where possible, to give height and to form large ledges, and a bolder and more natural style developed in the rock garden, which ultimately extended to more than double the area of the older garden.

Small shrubs of an alpine character play an important part in providing an evergreen covering and give body to the arrangement of the rock garden. In this way the many newly introduced tiny-leaved rhododendrons from Western China have proved extremely adaptable. Growing in close proximity we find *Rhododendron nivale*, a pigmy from very high altitudes in the Himalaya, *R. prostratum*, a species from W. Yunnan with very large flowers, and *R. repens* carpeting the surface of the ground like an ivy, with large flowers of the deepest red showing just above the foliage. Among many other dwarf rhododendrons which we have, all admirable plants for use in this way, are *R. calostrotum*, *Williamsonianum*, *impeditum*, *fastigiatum* and *intricatum*. The first *Rhododendron* coming into flower here is *R. parvifolium*, which is generally in full bloom in January; *R. moupinense* is also very fine just now with its large white or pink tinted flowers. Another early plant is *R. mucronulatum*, but it has a disadvantage, as its reddish-purple flowers are often spoilt by frost.

Early spring and summer is meconopsis time, the first to flower being *M. grandis* with its purplish-blue flowers 3 ins. wide. Bailey's form of *M. simplicifolia* is also an early flowerer, with

yellow, while the larger-flowered *S. Burseriana* var. *gloria* is conspicuous among the whites. Here and there among suitable surroundings such species as *S. liliacina* and its hybrids are met with, forming dense cushions of minute foliage, while large numbers of the mossy section and, indeed, others too numerous to mention, are used here to drape the shadier rocks, which even in winter give many tones of colour in green and browns.

For the drier portions no rockery would be complete without the more dwarf species of *Cytisus*, with their blaze of yellow flowers during the summer months. Perhaps the smallest, and by no means the least attractive, is *C. decumbens*, trailing over the rocks, only an inch or two high and with its rich golden yellow flowers on its wiry looking stems. Here it is associated with the small-growing *Daphne petraea*, from the Southern Tyrol, and one of the best of the genus. *Cytisus Ardoinii* is also a very desirable plant, flowering in early April, with showers of light yellow in great profusion. From this plant as the seed parent were obtained *C. kewensis* and *C. Beanii*, both of them splendid additions to the rock garden. Here they crown the uppermost and driest summits. Another leguminous plant rarely met with, though very adaptable in a sunny and dry position and in this garden a mass a yard in diameter, is *Erinacea pungens*, a Spanish plant peculiar on account of its blue flowers, which are particularly rare in this order. A decidedly difficult plant to establish,

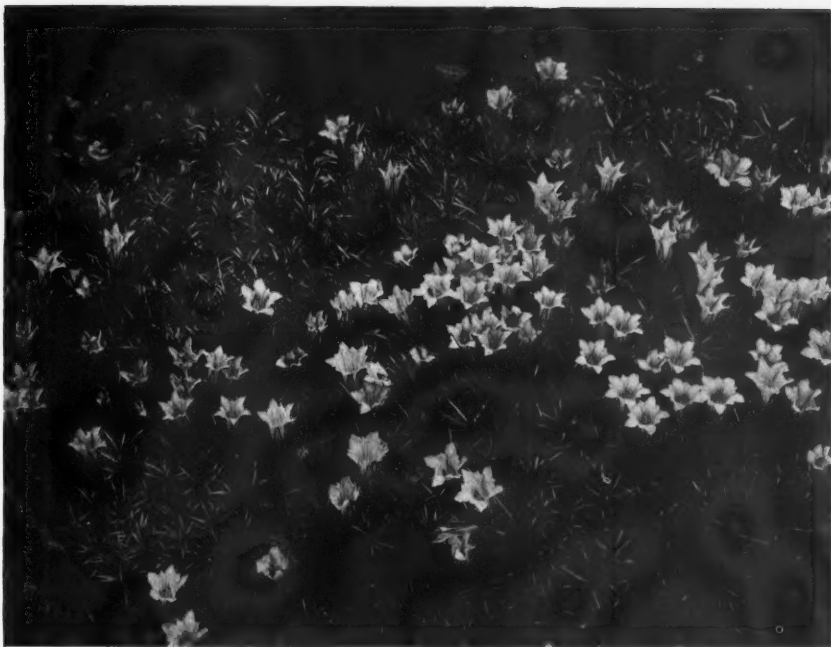


*Epigaea repens*, the May Flower, grows freely at the foot of a rock facing north-west. An annual top-dressing of sifted leaf-soil and sand is all the attention it receives, but it seems to assist the plant in producing roots from its decumbent stems. Another species from Japan finds itself at home here, *E. asiatica*. It has larger flowers of a more decided pink, but at present seems more susceptible to frost than the American plant.

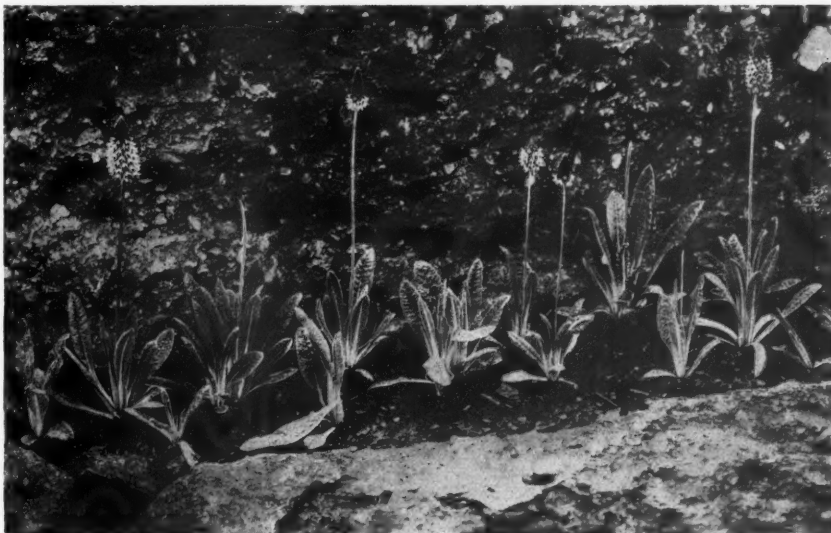
Through the efforts in China of Wilson, Forrest and Ward, many primulas have been introduced to cultivation during the past few years. Nearly all, at present, seem to enjoy moist conditions at the roots, so many are useful for the woodland walk and the more shady nooks in rock gardens. Edinburgh has a rich collection of this genus and many are used in masses in the rockery. In the boggy ground *Primula vincæflora* thrives, very distinct from other members of the genus, with its flowers borne singly on rigid stalks and of a violet-blue colour. Besides this species may be seen *P. chionantha* and *P. sino-purpurea*, both of the candelabra section, the former creamy-white and the latter violet-purple. Very different methods of cultivation must be used for the successful growing of the Californian *Primula suffrutescens*. Here this plant is given a place in full sunshine in a good loam with a large quantity of granite chips, and under these conditions fairly good results are obtained. *P. Forrestii*, on the other hand, is best treated as a wall plant, where its woody stems are kept dry; if planted in the ground it seems to be susceptible to frost. Other sections of primulas are well represented, such as *P. Sikkimensis* and *P. littoniana*.

The subsoil of this garden is sand and gravel many feet in depth, and on this account a very small portion is given up to moraine. Yet in the small space devoted to this specialised culture many plants, which prefer these well drained moist conditions, may be seen. Here *Isopyrum grandiflorum* grows and flowers freely, forming pretty tufts with its small silvery cut foliage. Apparently, age alone will give us specimens to compare with those in the photographs of this species shown by Forrest and taken in their native habitat; these photographs also figured in the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*. *Douglasia lævigata* and *D. vitaliana* both revel under this treatment and form carpets of dense foliage from their prostrate creeping stems, bearing numbers of pink and yellow flowers. With its long tap roots, which delight in a deep gritty soil, *Morisia hypogæa* is happy in the moraine, producing from spring onwards its bright yellow flowers just above the radical rosette of pinnate foliage. The smaller New Zealand species of *Celmisia* are to be seen here. *C. sessiflora* and *C. longifolia* are both deserving of more popularity and should be more often seen in our gardens. The dwarf members of *Phyteuma* and *Wahlenbergia* also find a place, as well as the *Campanula* species, which prefer a moraine-like home. *C. excisa* runs freely through the stones and is very floriferous, while *C. Raineri* and *C. Allionii* are also worthy of the same conditions.

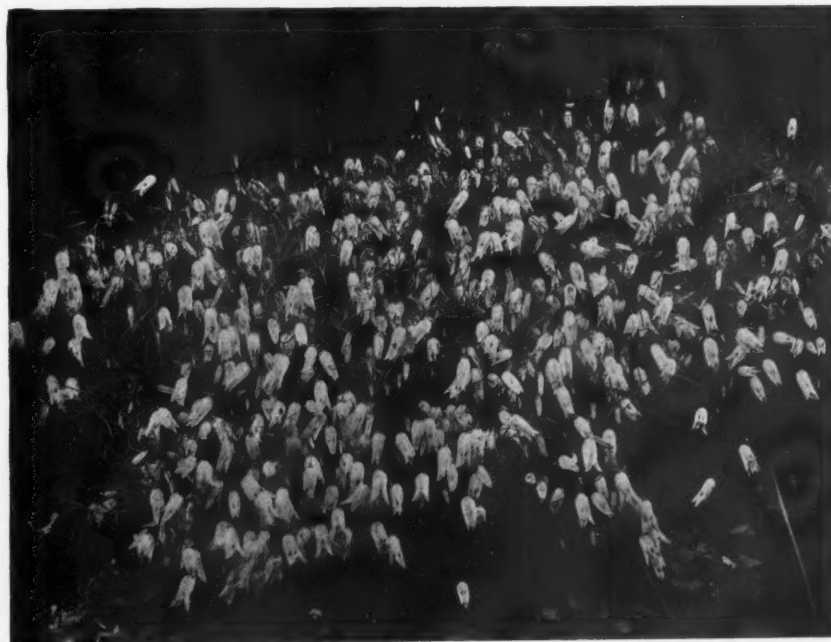
Many of the miniature conifers are used in positions which show off their characteristic habits. A fine plant of *Picea pungens pendula* planted at the top of the rocks is allowed to ramble down a gorge in sprays of silver foliage which are especially conspicuous on a sunny day. Bulbous plants such as crocus, galanthus and scillas find places at the bottom of the rocks along with the dwarf lilliums and *Nomocharis*, but any attempt to enumerate even the best is impossible in this space. Only a visit during the spring and early summer will reveal something of the size of the collection and its interest.



GENTIANA ORNATA, A MASS OF BLUE IN THE SUNLIGHT.



STRONG PLANTS OF PRIMULA LITTONIANA NESTLING UNDER THE ROCKS.



A FINE TUFT OF CAMPANULA EXCISA RUNNING AMONG STONES.

Copyright R. B. G.

## THE NOVELIST FLAMBOYANT\*

IT is a pity that Michael Sadleir has no discernment of his own gifts and shortcomings. His preceding book, "Privilege," was cordially welcomed, although few were blind to its worst defect, a wilfulness that led the writer to condemn the excellence of his quiet pages and break every now and then into bombast. So it is with the book before us. On opening it the reader meets with defiance. In the dedication it is declared to be "a flamboyant tale—a story of ambitious hedonism and of the desolate splendour of a girl's devotion—a story of perverted cruelty—of lust for property and of the genial obtuseness of the upright."

Now, this is not new. It is but a modern version of the older "Your ear, good Sir. I will a tale unfold to make the blood run cold as ice." We detest it chiefly because of the writer's genius for firm and fine work in quieter vein. His country men and women are, as a rule, bounders who fill the country houses they inhabit with an atmosphere of lust, crime and vulgarity, fit only to be the *dramatis personæ* of cheap, sensational drama. In contrast, the introduction of the quiet, modest and beautiful girl from Canada is that of a master of fiction—not that there is anything masterly in the manner in which she is brought on the stage. Her father had saved a college friend, Charles Plethern, from drowning. In gratitude, Charles wrote a letter acknowledging "the debt of life which I owe and shall owe to you as long as I am on this earth."

His creditor was one of the blond careless sort who go blundering and happy through life till things come to an end. He had carried his brilliant mathematics to Canada, and also, as his wife, the daughter of an innkeeper near Cambridge, who, after bearing a girl, ran away. At last the Professor dies also, and leaves his daughter, now a young woman of twenty-one, to the care of his old college friend. Whenever the author has Viola on the stage he is at his best. He almost makes us forget what an extraordinary collection of pleasure-loving inhabitants he has found for the country house he delights in describing. The dawns of love between her and her guardian are most delicately touched in:

"I am delighted to have you back, my dear," he said. "The house has seemed dull while you were away."

She shook her head gaily.

"I'm afraid it's not me. It's the strangeness. You aren't used to staying so long!"

He saluted the note of mischief in her voice.

"That is Rinka over again! You mustn't pay these visits, if you are to come back primed with my sins."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Plethern," she replied demurely. "It was cheeky."

She took his arm as they moved away. Suddenly he spoke, a little shyly.

"Viola—I have been meaning to ask you— This business of what to call people is such a bore always. But don't you think 'Mr. Plethern' a little formal?"

"I think it's horrid," she said frankly.

"So do I. Can't we change it?"

She gurgled as she climbed into the dogcart at his side. He glanced at her with amused delight.

"The joke?"

"I was only thinking of Daniel. He asked me what I called you—whether you were a 'guardy.'"

"A 'guardy'! I can't help hoping not. Am I?"

She shook her head. Instinct warned her to leave him the lead. Somehow she felt he might resent "Uncle Charles."

"After all, I have a name," he said tentatively.

"Wouldn't that be rather—?"

"I have to be reminded of my age."

In silence they rattled between the dusty hedges.

This is writing that would entitle the author to take a high place among novelists but for the fact that he has marred his picture with matter of a very different kind. One has only to mention the disgusting and libidinous old woman whom he has made mother of the best man in the book, to indicate a contrast in language and treatment that one does not care to copy out. The sort of life portrayed as that of the modern aristocracy might have had a smattering of truth in the days of Lord Melbourne or during the Regency, but that the picture has any truth now is incredible, and, at any rate, the coarseness of many scenes and much language are enough to ruin even what is excellent in the book.

\* *Desolate Splendour*, by Michael Sadleir. (Constable.)

*Lady into Fox*, by David Garnett. (Chatto and Windus, 5s.)

FEW modern stories have been written with the simplicity of this short *conte*, yet after reading it the modern novel seems perfunctory and mechanical. The sudden changing of Mrs. Tebrick into a vixen is (Mr. Garnett writes) "an established fact," and, wisely, he does not speculate upon a possible explanation, but proceeds to make the impossible valid by his art. From the first days of the year 1880, when Mrs. Tebrick, walking with her husband in a copse near their house, heard the hounds and was changed into "a small fox, of a very bright

red," there is no false note, no trickery of conventional cleverness. Gradually Mrs. Tebrick suffers a change of identity, the woman yielding place to the vixen, and one day, when reading "Clarissa Harlowe" to her, her husband sees that she is not listening but watching something with strange eagerness—the movements of her pet dove in its cage hanging in the window. Yet, she still understood excellently well the importance and duties of religion, and would "listen with approval in the evening when he said the Lord's Prayer, and was rigid in her observance of the Sabbath, even refusing their usual game of picquet on that day." But she grows steadily wilder and more fox-like, tearing her new blue silk jacket trimmed with swansdown, making sad havoc among her old dresses, ripping them, "so that there was hardly a shred left big enough to dress a doll in." By the spring she is quite intractable, and escapes by the door of the garden and like an arrow. As the summer wears on he meets her again, with a litter of cubs, which he christens, as if in baptism, calling them each by a name—Sorel, Kaspar, Selwyn, Esther and Angelica. What if they were foxes? Mr. Tebrick found that he could be happy with them, for all human customs and institutions seemed to him nothing but folly. "A thought came into Mr. Tebrick's head, and that was that these cubs were innocent, they were as stainless snow, they could not sin, for God had created them thus, and they could break none of his commandments. And he fancied also that men sin because they cannot be as the animals." The life of Mr. Tebrick in the wild with this vixen and cubs is strangely vivid; he, too, runs wild, and learns the ways of foxes, hunting with them sometimes, stealing rabbits for them, robbing pigeons' nests of their eggs, occasionally despatching a hedgehog for them so that they did not get the prickles into their mouths and buying them a skep of honey. But one white-misted morning, when the woods smelt of autumn, Mr. Tebrick is beset with apprehension. He then hears the hounds outside the gate of his house and sees his vixen, who, running towards him, springs into his arms, where she is killed by the hounds. Mr. Tebrick was carried into the house, but "there was no doubt about his neighbours being in the right when they called him mad." That is the story, seen through the clear yet distorting mirror of a distraught mind; though an alternative, recorded in the rumours among the neighbours that Mrs. Tebrick had run away, is hinted at. But, wisely, the conversion of lady into fox is taken as valid for the purposes of the story, and the coherence and harmony of the presentment are absolute. Mr. Garnett has caught the honest realism of the writers of the early eighteenth century and, from the same period, the transparency of his style, which reads as simply as speech; indeed, his style is nearly two centuries too early for the assumed date of the singular and beautiful tale.

*The Wounded Name*, by D. K. Broster. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

HERE is a gallant book, flashing like a sword blade with valour and loyalty and joyous life, and because its pages are so humanly alive the pure gold of them is veined with misery and pain and sorely tempted faith and devotion racked to the uttermost. *The Wounded Name* is as true as life itself. It is long since we have met such a very perfect and very human soldier, lover and friend as Aymar de la Rocheterie; and the moment when he comes slowly down the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, the long agony of his trial for apparent treachery over, his sword again by his side, a figure "in its beautiful and unconscious perfection of poise neither triumphant nor abashed" is one that may challenge the great scenes bequeathed to us by the masters of Romance. There is a vivid realism in the author's handling of these intensely vital men and women of Catholic France of the Revolution and of Napoleon. Sometimes the glow of the colours is lurid with the fires of revolt and war; sometimes it is that of the clearest golden sunlight shining on terraced gardens, on the leafy woods of Brittany, on the stately Court of the Tuileries; but whether lurid or golden, the clear and bright vitality of this book is like a draught of fine champagne. Here is human nature at its finest, invincible, unconquered, though struggling with perplexities, slanders, defeats, sickness, wounds. The two young men who fill the canvas are figures such as Vandyke painted for the preceding generation, or Gainsborough for their own time; or, yet again, such as went so gallantly in the khaki of to-day. For courage and fidelity and an endurance of pain that laughs at pain are of no time or place. For nineteen hundred years the world has been full of them, though a considerable school of novelists has preferred to emulate the man with the muck-rake rather than those starry souls for whom light is of more moment than obscurity. We have one grudge against *The Wounded Name*. The breathless intricacies of the plot and the enchanting loveableness of the persons therein involved made us late for successive appointments; but if we had put this book down when we ought to have done, we should have been quite unworthy of being admitted to the intimacy of L'Oiseleur of Laurent, of good M. Perrelet, and of the mare Hironnelle. G.

### SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I HAVE a feeling that Mr. Bohun Lynch and Mr. Reginald Berkeley, having launched at the heads of their respected contemporaries their *Decorations and Absurdities* (Collins, 6s.), must be hiding, like naughty children, round the nearest corner, peeping to see whether anyone is going to pay them out for it. Certainly those who have not been aimed at will be inclined to ask the affronted to let them off this time because they really have been very clever in their naughtiness. I love the picture of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, incredibly bulky, minute wand held in one leg of mutton fist, and called "The Coming of a Fairy," and the Sherlock Holmes story which accompanies it. I like seeing how "Mr. Shaw grows old gracefully," and I like his epitaph:

"Here lieth Shaw. In manhood's fine heyday  
His beard was red, his outlook somewhat grey.  
In later life his wilder notions fled;  
And, though his beard went grey, he now was read."

In fact, I like quite a lot more than I have space to mention here.

Two books of a very different interest are *Essays and Memorials* (Architectural Press, 12s. 6d.), by Mr. John W. Simpson, described by the publisher



as "Architectural Belles Lettres," and *English Furniture Designs*, by P. T. Hildesley (Benn, 18s.), which, it should be stated, is devoted to modern furniture and fully illustrated.

A *Homesteader's Portfolio* (Macmillan, 9s.) is an account by Miss Alice Day Pratt of how she took up land by herself and for herself in Oregon. The many women who hanker for a home on the land will enjoy her cheerful account of her enterprise, admire her pluck, and learn something from her experiences. *Western Birds* (Macmillan, 18s.) is by Harriet Williams Myers and deals with the song birds of the States of America bordering the western coast; it is very pleasingly illustrated, but preserves the character of a natural history book rather than a book for more general reading. A revised edition, to which some additions have been made, has reached us of Mr. Horace Kephart's book on his life in the Carolina mountains, *Our Southern Highlanders* (Macmillan, 12s.). Colonel J. F. C. Fuller in his book, *The Reformation of War* (Hutchinson, 16s.), prophesies, among other things, that future warfare will be more humane and may be conducted by the use of gases which will incapacitate the soldiers of the enemy for a length of time, but let them recover again. We have received *Notes on Hockey* (Cambridge Review, 1s.), by B. G. Whitfield and a very interesting production, *A Visualised Map: The British Empire at Bay on the Western Front*, compiled by Mr. Albert Close and published by Messrs. Stanford at a guinea. Technical Journals, Limited, announce that the success of *The Architectural Students' Handbook* has enabled them to produce its second edition at the reduced price of 7s. 6d.

Novels of the moment include one more of Miss Berta Ruck's pleasant stories, *Sir or Madam?* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), the history of a blasé society

girl who passed herself off successfully as a chauffeur and recovered her interest in life in the process; *The Fountain of Green Fire* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), by Percy James Brebner, a story of a wonderful emerald and the people whose lives it influenced; *Sylvia Revolts* (Heath Cranton, 7s. 6d.), by Winifred Carter, author of the novel version of the play "Lass o' Laughter"; *Middle Mists* (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), by Aishie Pharall, in which a wife who reproaches herself for spiritual unfaithfulness to her husband strikes a note to which in modern novels we have become quite unaccustomed; and *Different Gods* (Constable, 7s. 6d.), by Violet Quirk.

A story of the period of George III, by Mr. Irving Bacheller, is *In the Days of Poor Richard* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); and from the same publishers at the same price comes *The False Dawn*, by Miss Norma Lorimer, who has much to say on the subject of divorce. *Riley*, an Australian Bush story and apparently a first novel, by Miss Alice Howard; and *A Man of Purpose*, by Donald Richberg, are both published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett at 7s. 6d. *The Purple Pearl* (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), by Anthony Pride and R. K. Weekes, is a story of mystery and adventure and a missing heirloom. Mr. Ronald Knox's *Memories of the Future, 1915-1972* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), just received, has a most intriguing aspect and shall have further notice. *To the Adventurous* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) is a welcome new book of short stories by Mrs. E. Nesbit. Then there are the desert novels of the week—*Desert Dust* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); *The White Desert* (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Edwin L. Sabin and Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper respectively. I wish that some beneficent power would declare a close time for the desert. S.

## DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

### III.—FIRST LESSON IN RETRIEVING.

SO far the whole of the puppy's lessons have been directed to the instilling of obedience, and the next stage is retrieving. For this purpose an old stocking stuffed with wood wool is used, the size varying with the breed. For a small cocker a child's stocking is big enough, but for a retriever the ordinary man's size is right. The puppy is held by the collar and is shown the stocking, which is then thrown a distance of about eight yards. As a rule the puppy will want to rush after it at once, but the grip on the collar must be maintained, the word "no" signifying that the sport must be enjoyed according to the wishes of the trainer and not of the pupil. After two or three minutes of restraint the puppy is let go, a wave of the hand and "Hie, Lost!" conveying the order. As a rule the puppy at once picks up the dummy, and as he gathers it the trainer gives a sharp whistle. If the puppy fails to respond the trainer starts walking in the direction of the kennel, calling the dog by name—and this usually suffices; but should the dog try to slip past with the idea of taking the dummy to the kennels, the trainer has placed himself so as to be able to intercept this action. The puppy when within reach should be patted and caressed before any attempt is made to take the dummy; under no circumstances should the prize be snatched away. Should there be unwillingness to leave go, a gentle pressing of the lips against the back teeth accompanied by the word "dead" will soon make clear what is required. In taking a dummy or game from a dog the palm of the hand should always be upwards, the word "dead" being spoken at the moment of transfer.

One of the worst faults on the part of many trainers is to snatch the game from a dog. This results in the habit of a dog dropping the game instead of delivering it properly to hand, or, in the alternative, gripping it tightly so as to break the skin. A clean delivery at trials is always a valuable point, and, equally, one which should be aimed at in private work. One other item is worth bearing in mind from the start, viz., the use of only one hand for receiving game. A shooter, when going out alone with his dog, in any case has only one hand free, hence the necessity to avoid the practice of those trainers who receive with both hands held claw-fashion.

Should the puppy fail to go after the dummy, as a consequence of being checked at the spontaneous attempt, the dummy must be thrown afresh and the dog allowed to run in immediately and pick it up. This he will nearly always do, and no end of fuss should then be made of him;

but the next time the dummy is thrown the puppy must again be checked in the hope that the delay will no longer cancel his wish, or, in the alternative, convey the idea that retrieving is not desired. Success is soon achieved, since the tendency to retrieve is instinctive, the only novel feature introduced being quiescence till the order is given.

Neither game nor rabbits should ever be used for the early lessons in retrieving, experience having repeatedly shown that many puppies will play with and mouth a bird, whereas in the case of a dummy these tendencies are less marked. Possibly they do grip the dummy tightly, but as it is not game a difference of great importance later on is established. Meanwhile the chief aim is to make the dog a good and quick retriever, whereby at later stages the habit of coming up sharply, and promptly effecting delivery will have become second nature. Years ago I made the mistake, which so many have fallen into, of using game for the early lessons; but I soon discovered the error of so doing, for should a puppy bite the first bird he gets hold of you are forced to show your disapproval by a pinch of the lips. This seriously hampers progress in retrieving, because fear of a repetition of the punishment leads the puppy to pause three or four feet from his master and in all probability there drop the game. Retrieving by means of the dummy teaches willing delivery, and so gets rid of much of the tendency to develop a hard mouth. At any rate, since I adopted an artificial medium I have noticed not only a great improvement in the style of delivery, but also a markedly reduced proportion of hard-mouthed dogs. Of course, there are some puppies that you could not make bite a bird, but there are very many that will do so, and the use of the dummy permits the correction to be postponed to a time when there is no confusion between the necessity for good retrieving and the avoidance of biting tendencies. In other words, the dog which is punished for biting a bird must never be allowed to think that retrieving is the fault it has committed.

As soon as the pupil has learnt to pick up the dummy without hesitation he must never afterwards be allowed to see it thrown,

otherwise he would soon suppose that there is nothing to hunt for unless he has actual evidence to go upon. Progress must, however, be gradual. For a start, the dummy should be dropped close to the dog, which is then taken by the collar and led about ten yards towards the kennel. The trainer points to the dummy saying "Hie, Lost!" at the same time releasing the puppy. If he goes back and fetches it, well and good; if not, the trainer



RETRIEVING AT A GALLOP



CORRECT ATTITUDE FOR THE TRAINER WHEN DOG IS RETRIEVING TO HAND.

leads him to it and gets him to pick it up. The trainer then retraces his steps, leaving the dog to follow behind carrying the dummy; when they have reached the former position the trainer takes the dummy, saying "good dog." Again the dummy is dropped in sight of the puppy, and all goes on as before, the distance covered before the dog is sent back to retrieve being adjusted according to the aptness shown. Usually, all this can be taught in one lesson, so that by the end of the second day the puppy can be sent back 150yds. to fetch the dummy.

The second day devoted to retrieving is first of all directed towards doing away with the necessity to restrain the puppy by holding his collar. Thus, as soon as the dummy has been dropped the collar is released, the word "no" signifying that the pupil must remain at heel and follow his master, this checking the tendency of the pupil to pick up the dummy forthwith. So they walk away together, the puppy being in due course sent back to fetch it. Again it is dropped, any attempt to pick it up being checked by the word "no." In this way they proceed, the wave of the hand indicating the direction of the quarry, "Hie, Lost!" giving the order to search. Very soon the dropping of the dummy will cease to engage the dog's attention, the command being sufficient indication that there is something to find and, moreover, to be promptly retrieved. On every occasion the kennel will be behind the trainer when he sends the puppy out to retrieve, this exemplifying, first, the importance of kennel residence as a necessary item in training; second, that the fundamental instinct of retrieving, which has to be directed to the service of shooting, is the taking of a prize home to the dog's nest. With the kennel in the direction of the retrieve there is an ever-present inducement for the puppy to come back at the gallop and deliver right up to hand, the trainer intercepting, so to speak, the full journey.

It is surprising with what zest most puppies will enter in the fun which this lesson represents to them. Until the dog becomes tired—when the lesson is brought to an immediate stop—there is no limit to the number of times that the pupil may be asked to find and retrieve the dummy. At one time I used a stuffed rabbit skin for this training, but discarded it upon finding that many puppies were more inclined to bite and tear this partial reproduction of the real thing, also to run off with it, than was the case with the more artificial stuffed stocking. Nowadays I confine the stuffed rabbit skin to teaching a dog to retrieve fur, and only for that purpose when it displays unwillingness with the real thing.

When I get a puppy that will not pick up the dummy I proceed in exactly the same way as I described at length in an article of mine which appeared in the year 1896, so cannot do better than repeat it here, subject to one or two immaterial verbal alterations:

If the pupil will neither pick up the dummy nor give me a chance to place it in his mouth I get hold of him and gently open his jaws, taking care not to hurt the lips against the teeth. Then I put the dummy into his mouth and hold it there for a time; and should he let go when the pressure is eased I again put it in, proceeding as carefully as before and so continuing until he retains his hold. Then I take it away from him, and give him a few bits of biscuit, so that he may know that I am pleased with him. As soon as he has finished his biscuit I again place the dummy in his mouth, and if he shows no wish to drop it I endeavour to get him to walk by my side with it in his mouth, and as soon as I accomplish this I take the dummy from him and give him his reward. I do not attempt to throw the dummy for a pupil of this description until I have got him so that he will take it out of my hand and carry it by my side as long as I wish him to do so. Once this is accomplished I throw the dummy for him, and in nine cases out of ten he will go and pick it up. When he has done this it is impossible to make too much fuss of him, and on no account should his biscuit be forgotten. I do not wish to infer that I succeed in every case, as there are dogs now and then that cannot be induced to retrieve, no matter how careful the handling or how kind the treatment that is lavished on them. But still, the majority can be taught what is wanted, provided the thing is tackled in a proper manner.

Speaking generally on this important subject of retrieving, I would lay down as a rule that there are now a greater percentage of spaniels natural retrievers than formerly. Whether as a class they now get more careful training, generation after generation, or whether their ancestry has imparted natural fitness is hard to say, but certain it is that the produce of any well known working blood very seldom contains a specimen that refuses to retrieve except when specially induced in the manner described above. Some there are who adopt the French method of compulsion, but the system, as I know it from printed accounts, is

so foreign to my general ideas and tendencies that I have never felt tempted to try it. There is far too much cruelty in the whole business from beginning to end: whip, whip, whip, always whip; and, although I can chastise as effectively as most people when absolute necessity arises, I draw the line at any method which depends for success on fear. There are enough dogs available to permit us to discard those that cannot be won by kindness.

R. SHARPE.



TAKING WITH BOTH HANDS MEANS LAYING DOWN THE GUN.



## THE ARCHITECTURE CLUB EXHIBITION

**W**HAT architecture wants is criticism—good, sensible criticism. No art can possibly flourish which is not surrounded and purified by perpetual criticism. That is its primary need to-day. The next requisite is the interest of the average man, the man who now and then goes to a picture exhibition, and a concert, and reads a little poetry. Good architecture, like good work in any art, appeals to the best in human nature, to qualities which are not restricted to any one class or profession. If an art is denied popular interest it cannot achieve its best, any more than an actor can act well with an apathetic audience. But, at the same time, some experience and knowledge are necessary for public opinion to be of any service to architecture, and to achieve that experience the Architecture Club was formed last year, and is now opening its first exhibition. This will be held at Grosvenor House, Upper Grosvenor Street (which has been kindly lent for the purpose by the Duke of Westminster). It will be open from Tuesday, March 6th, to Saturday, March 24th, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily, admission being 1s. 3d. The Club is fortunate in having for its exhibition such an effective setting as the great rooms of Grosvenor House afford. Many hundreds of fine photographs have been brought together there, and they make a display which, of its kind, has never before been equalled in this country. Everyone, therefore, who can should make a point of visiting the exhibition. In the great ballroom a large silver screen has been set up, and throughout the day a selection from the exhibits on the walls will be projected on to this screen. This is quite a novel feature, and should prove a most attractive one.

Also in connection with the exhibition a series of five public lectures will be given, on Thursdays and Tuesdays at 5 o'clock, and admission to the exhibition will include admission to these lectures. Below is the list of them:

Thursday, March 8th.—"Historical Study and Modern Design in Architecture." Walter H. Godfrey, F.S.A.

Tuesday, March 13th.—"Architecture and Literature." Gilbert Frankau.

Thursday, March 15th.—"Architecture and the Theatre." Nigel Playfair.

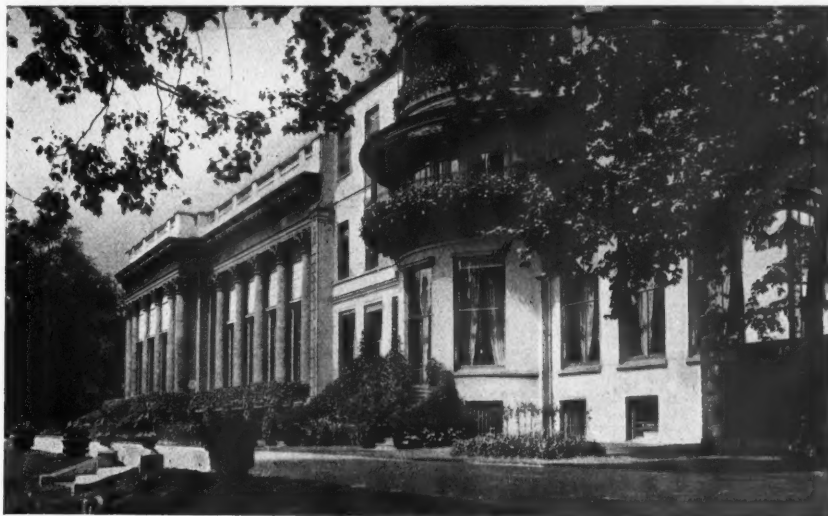
Tuesday, March 20th.—"Fashion and Style in Domestic Architecture." Sir Lawrence Weaver, K.B.E.

Thursday, March 22nd.—"Is Architecture the Mother of the Arts?" Professor W. Rothenstein.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Architecture Club will also exercise the gift of criticism. Just because a building is represented on its walls it is not necessarily perfect. Not only do the public want to be persuaded what to admire, but the unfortunate architect needs criticism too. He may not like it—but it is what architecture likes.

As was announced in a previous issue, COUNTRY LIFE has been largely responsible for the organising of the Exhibition, though the actual selection of exhibits has been in the hands of The Architecture Club itself.

Many visitors will no doubt be prompted to ask, when was



GROSVENOR HOUSE: THE GARDEN FRONT.

Grosvenor House built and who was the architect? It may be of interest, therefore, to state that the house dates from two periods. The original house, with its delightful double-tier balcony on the garden front, was built towards the end of the eighteenth century for the Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of George III, and the house was then called Gloucester House. In the nineteenth century considerable alterations were made, the chief of these being the erection of a western wing, containing the picture gallery, and the setting up (in 1842) of the colonnaded screen next Grosvenor Street: Thomas Cundy, Surveyor to the Grosvenor Estate, having been the architect in each case.

R. R. P.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE DOOM OF THE SUPER-BREEDER—ARE PRESENT METHODS A FAILURE?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—What of the future generations of our present-day stock? This is a question which many breeders, in all branches of agriculture, are asking themselves. They realise that something is amiss: exactly what they cannot quite determine. Without being unduly pessimistic, it would be the height of folly to suggest that the future looks bright for those who are engaged in the production of high-grade utility stock. In fact, many breeders are aware that they are on the verge of a great catastrophe, but they are at a loss to understand why their patient work of so many years should be in danger of total collapse. Up to the present, things have progressed remarkably well and some wonderful results have been achieved. When we read of a cow giving 3,000 gallons of milk in a twelvemonth—that is, upwards of 13 tons; of pullets that lay well over 300 eggs in 365 days; and of ducks which lay an egg on practically every day of the year, we cannot but ponder over the skill and cleverness of our breeders. It is truly remarkable to have obtained such results; it will be a still greater feat if these breeders are able to perpetuate the strain without any diminution in production. But this is where they fail—they are failing now; their failure will be ever greater in the near future. Fortunately, the larger number of them realise this fully. Otherwise there would be no hope for the future of the super-breeder.

In this connection the case of the poultry breeder serves for purpose of illustration better than breeders of larger stock, since fowls reproduce the race so much more quickly. It is argued by many poultry breeders that they are working along

scientific lines and that there is no possible chance of failure. This is the attitude taken by many of them in their talk, but not in their minds. The majority of our leading poultry breeders appreciate the danger which faces them. The danger is indicated clearly for those who like to see. Every breeding season the loss through infertility and dead-in-shell, together with the enormously high rate of chick mortality, shows that race deterioration—for that is what it amounts to—has already set in. The loss is becoming greater every year. There must be a reason for this state of affairs, and it is for the super-breeder to discover it before it is too late to save the situation.

It is for the breeders of pedigree laying stock to ask themselves whether the cause may not lie in the methods of breeding they have adopted. It may be that they have got too far away from natural methods and that they trust implicitly to an artificial system which in course of time will let them down suddenly. The results of an artificial environment are not noticeable at once; they accumulate year after year and then show themselves with uncontrollable force. It is for the breeders to ask themselves whether they may not rather have overdone in-breeding; whether they are wise to trust to young stock for the reproduction of their strains; whether vitality is not seriously reduced by hatching eggs from birds—pullets to wit—which have become exhausted by a continued period of laying during the autumn and winter; and whether there is not some risk in breeding from intensively, or semi-intensively, kept fowls and rearing the future layers under the same artificial conditions.

Years ago, when I was able to indulge in the *wanderlust* with which I am blessed, or otherwise, I spent some months in the Canadian Rockies with an old Indian. His store of knowledge regarding the lore of wild beasts and birds was prodigious,

but, unfortunately, during the intervening years I have forgotten much of what he told me over the nightly camp fire. Many of his sayings, however, were recalled to memory when reading a book recently by the American author, Zane Grey, and, since these are illustrative of the point under discussion, the following may indicate the nature of the solution of the difficulty with which present-day breeders are faced:

"An' there's the life of the forest, the strife of it—how the bear lives, an' the cats, an' the wolves, an' the deer. You'll see how cruel nature is—how savage an' wild the wolf and cougar tears down the deer—how a wolf loves flesh, hot blood, an' how a cougar unrolls the skin of a deer back from his neck. An' you'll see that this cruelty of nature—this work of the wolf and cougar—is what makes the deer so beautiful an' healthy an' swift an' sensitive. Without his deadly foes the deer would deteriorate an' die out. Trees fight to live—birds fight—animals fight—men fight. They all live off one another. An' it's this fightin' that brings them all closer an' closer to bein' perfect. If it wasn't for the lions, the deer would not thrive. Only the strongest an' swiftest survive. That is the meanin' of nature. There is always a perfect balance kept by nature. It may vary in different years, but on the whole, in the long years, it averages an even balance."

"There is always a perfect balance kept by nature." Herein lies the crux of the whole matter. It is possible to produce strains of very heavy-laying fowls, and strains, too, that will reproduce themselves faithfully year after year, but not unless the balance of nature be maintained. We have upset the balance of nature and, until we right matters by adopting saner methods of breeding, we cannot expect any lasting success. The balance will inevitably right itself, and when this occurs our patient work of years will fall to the ground like a house built of cards. There is still time, however, to get back on to the right lines, and these imply a maintenance of stamina and vitality and a perfectly sound constitution to run concurrently with any increase in fecundity we may succeed in securing.—RUSTICA VERITAS.

#### GARRYA ELLIPTICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The interesting description of the shrub *Garrya elliptica* given by Mr. W. J. Bean in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 3rd, with its excellent plate representing a sprig of the catkins of the male plant, has caused some perturbation in the minds of many, like myself, who are interested in the designs of furniture and the decoration of rooms of the eighteenth century. It had always been one of the axioms on which I was brought up that this shrub was utilised by the Brothers Adam as a basis

for one of their designs, frequently to be met with both in the decoration of walls and also in furniture, and that it was known as the "Garrya pattern." The view that the catkins of this plant had been used for design purposes for many years appears also to be held by most of the highest authorities on furniture, as is shown by reference to Mr. Percy Macquoid's well known "History of English Furniture," in "The Age of Walnut," pages 106-7. Mr. Macquoid does not, however, here deal with the question of the utilisation of the *Garrya* by Adam, but refers to a chair of the date 1686, down the centre of which "are two long strings of conventional decoration representing the catkins of the *Garrya elliptica*." This chair was made 142 years before Douglas introduced this shrub from North America, and named it *Garrya* after Mr. Garry of the Hudson Bay Company, a contemporary who assisted Douglas in his plant-collecting expeditions. This is rather disturbing, and leads one to suppose that the pattern was not originally derived from a study of the catkins of this shrub at all, though possibly from the catkins of some other plant, and that the name *Garrya* was only bestowed on this design after the introduction of the shrub to this country in 1828 owing to its striking resemblance to the catkins of the *Garrya elliptica*. It would be of great interest if some information could be obtained as to the earliest date when the name *Garrya* was applied to this pattern, and no doubt those who are deeply versed in the arts of decoration will be able to supply this.—W. C. H.

#### TRINITY HOSPITAL, CROYDON, AND GUILDFORD HOSPITAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is not given to all of us to know the life of a Jacobean hospital, such as Trinity Hospital, Croydon, from within. As the humble caretaker of Dr. George Abbot's Foundation at Guildford, which is so closely allied to the senior foundation of Archbishop Whitgift, I notice with regret that defenders of the latter seem content with one argument, namely, architectural value. This ought to be sufficient, no doubt, but it leaves out of account the community life, and it was to lodge this community of beadsmen and women the building came into being. The Brothers and Sisters have a continuous life, and in the home so carefully fitted for them the community forms a living link with the old-time religious life of England. A student can acquire an appreciation of the important period of Queen Elizabeth and James I by a careful study of the life of one of these hospitals, in an hour's visit, which could not be acquired in any other way, for the founders have left their personality and the spirit of their time strongly impressed upon their work. We are working back in these days to a revival of the old English "hospital by the way" of pre-Reformation days and as Edmund Spenser sketched it, and in saving the old hospitals and reviving their spirit we shall do much more than save a precious specimen of architecture.—PHILIP G. PALMER.

#### CHESTNUTS IN CORSICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture of chestnut grafting in Corsica. In all the mountain districts of



A CORSICAN GRAFTING CHESTNUTS.

Corsica chestnuts constitute the most important article of food. They are grown with great care in every available bit of space, and in many cases good varieties are grafted on the older trees.—M. H. BICKNELL.

#### A STRANGE ATTACHMENT.

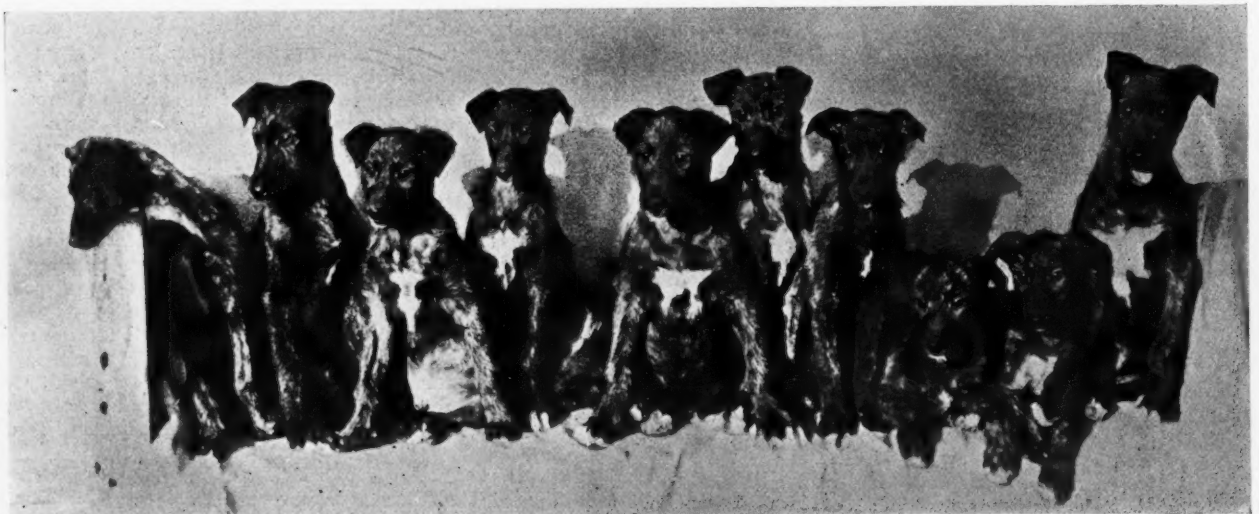
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At Plympton a strange friendship has been formed between two animals. A ferret, which had been placed in a box, contrived to escape. Its owner, on looking about the outhouse, discovered, behind a pile of wood, the ferret and a small black kitten on the very best terms of friendship. Producing a saucer of warm bread and milk, which he placed on the floor, the owner of the ferret retired for a few minutes to await results. Later, on returning, he found both animals sharing the food in a friendly manner. Eventually the ferret was caught and transferred to more secure quarters; but the kitten, not willing to desert its strange friend, took up its position on the top of the wire netting in an endeavour to console him in his captivity.—G. P. M.

#### AN OLD AND RARE BREED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I do not know whether the enclosed photograph would interest your readers. My Scotch deerhound bitch had a family of thirteen puppies, of which these ten have been successfully reared. Considering how old this breed is and how comparatively rare it is becoming, it seems a pity that so few people in this country breed these dogs.—MARGARET LOCH.



TEN LITTLE SCOTTISH DEERHOUNDS.



## A RECIPE FOR LAWN FERTILISER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Would you kindly tell me the best admixtures and ingredients for lawn fertiliser? I am aware that this can be purchased, but as I wish to treat about 4,000yds. it would be more costly than to prepare ourselves. We have just finished the scarifying of the lawns to get rid of weeds, moss, etc., and have then given a dressing of blown sea sand. We are much troubled with moss; the soil is rather heavy, but all well drained. I do not want any clover, and should, therefore, leave out basic slag.—H. E. MASON.

[The best recipe we know for lawn sand is as follows: Mix together 8lb. commercial ammonium sulphate, 8lb. sodium nitrate (98 per cent.) and 6lb. iron sulphate, all finely ground or crushed, and mix the whole carefully and evenly into 1cwt. of clean sharp sand—the blown sea sand referred to should answer admirably. This mixture, if applied at a suitable time—that is, when a day or two of fine weather may be expected, but not a spell of drought—will destroy the moss and many broad-leaved weeds and fertilise the grass. A suitable dressing is 10cwt. to the acre (7lb. to the square rod). In other words, the lawn in question would require about 8cwt. of sharp sand and the other ingredients in proportion. Some authorities prefer to omit the sodium nitrate and to use a double quantity of ammonium sulphate.—Ed.]

## BARNACLE GEESE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Major W. M. Congreve will find that wild-caught barnacle geese are more apt to breed than any other wild-caught goose and, moreover, less apt to leave. A pair I bought from Mr. P. Castang in 1912 nested in 1913. Foxes are their chief enemy on their nest. At Alnwick Castle there used, before the war, to be quite a number flying up and down the river and nesting freely. It is a pity more people do not try them.—BARNACLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether your correspondent, Major W. M. Congreve, is aware that these geese have bred in confinement in St. James's Park in recent years. Broods were successfully reared in 1914, 1918 and 1922. Only the other day I saw a pair behaving as though they had paired or were about to do so. Since they were unopinioned it seems probable that they were two of last year's brood.—J. R. H.

## DUNDERAVE CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photograph may be of interest. In September, 1913, in an Architectural Supplement, you published, under your "Country Homes" article, a description

and photographs of Dunderave Castle, Inveraray, one of the last fortified houses in Scotland. The wonderful entrance door, however, has not been published before, and I think the omission is sufficiently interesting to rectify. The photograph of Lady Noble (widow of the late Sir Andrew Noble, Bt.), its chatelaine,



LADY NOBLE AT THE DOOR OF DUNDERAVE.

who is now well over ninety years of age, lends an added interest to the picture.—S. C. DOUGLAS.

## NORMAN WOODWORK IN A BARN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I herewith beg to enclose rough photographs of a barn in Stansfield parish taken under unfavourable conditions, yet giving a fair idea of the very interesting structure. According to well known authorities who have inspected this building, it is a unique survival of a Norman lord's timber dwelling of the twelfth century, now in the guise of a barn. Note the crudely carved capped pillars. The property stands in the heart of the country between Clare and Bury St. Edmunds in the village of Stansfield.—S. G. LEEK.

[That the barn at Stansfield might possibly be, in part, a survival of a Norman dwelling

hall in timber of the same plan and character as the well known stone example at Oakham occurred to the mind of the late Sir St. John Hope, who, during the last years of his life, resided often at Clare near by. Mr. P. M. Johnston holds this view; but so little remains that can be definitely attributed to the twelfth century that the origin of the building must remain open to question. The barn is associated with a dwelling that retains much fifteenth century work, and it seems probable that the barn was either repaired and extended or new built at the same period. If the latter, then the three posts of undoubted twelfth century origin will have been material re-used from another building; and Mr. Powys of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, who has worked out a careful survey of the barn, draws attention to the fact that close by is an enclosure called "Church Field," so that it is possible that an old timber Norman church was abandoned for a later one of stone on another site, and these three posts lay handy for use in a new barn. It is also possible that the structure was erected as a barn in the twelfth century and enlarged and repaired in the fifteenth. That, however, is unlikely, as for such purpose the posts forming the interior supports, and dividing the space into a central nave and side aisles, would surely not have been wrought so as to give the effect of a column with capital as shown in the detail illustration. This column may well have been longer and have rested on a base or plinth. It now rests on an old timber balk, itself resting on modern brickwork. It will be seen that, at the back and near the top, the column is left square, and there are traces of the mortise that took a brace stretching to the outer wall at this level in place of the later—probably fifteenth century one—now seen above the column. The illustration of the general interior of the barn shows this circular column on the left, and beyond it—with a fellow on the other side—a capped post, not rounded, but chamfered towards the nave and left square towards the aisles. The timber-work springing from these three columns is rather less rough and shows a rather different construction to the rest, which is quite what we might expect for barn purposes in the fifteenth century. My first impression when I visited the barn was that the twelfth century posts were a re-use of old material from elsewhere. But when I realised that such re-use meant a change in the general constructive scheme at these three points, I felt that the fifteenth century carpenter would not have deemed it worth while introducing the posts, although he might well have left them had he found them there in good condition when need came for a large replacement—on a different scheme, with much use of curved braces—of decayed parts. The dwelling-house theory is, therefore, as reasonable as any other, and, in any case, we have here that great rarity, surviving Norman woodwork. Thus the barn is of great archaeological interest and should be preserved. Associated with what could easily be brought back to a typical Suffolk fifteenth century house and situated on a south bank near a picturesque village here is surely a treasure worth acquiring by a lover of mediæval England.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.]

## PRESERVATION OF CHURCH BRASSES

TO THE EDITOR.

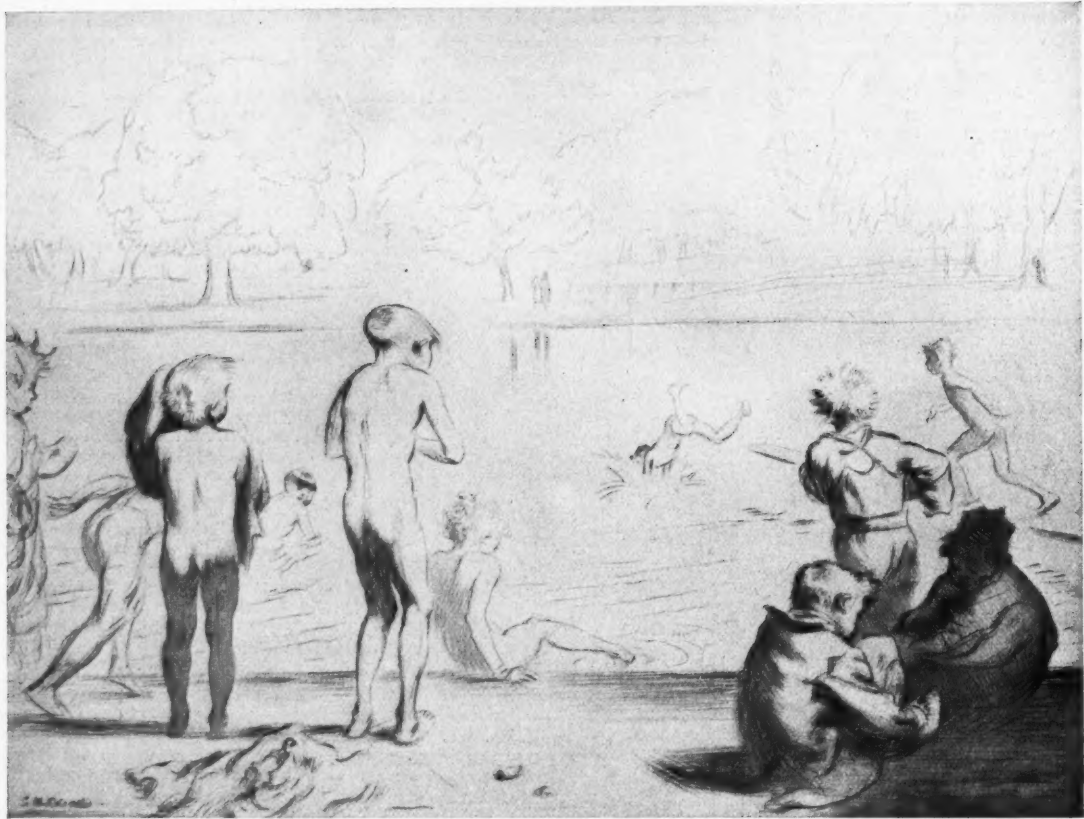
SIR,—Knowing from many years' experience of the interest you take in the preservation of old craftsmanship, I should be glad if you or any of your readers can advise the best treatment for old brass tablets such as we have in our parish church. Some of them are very thin, and the ordinary polishing given to brass objects would soon wear holes through the metal. The neglect of polishing has been their salvation, but they have an uncared-for appearance, besides being difficult to decipher. Is there any kind of cold lacquering that can be recommended?—ALICANA.

[The preservation of church brasses is a matter of great difficulty. Sometimes brasses and the stone slabs in which they are imbedded have been taken up and placed in an upright position, fixed to the north or south wall of the church, the brass being covered by a piece of plate glass fixed by screws to the slab. This method no doubt is the safest way of preserving a brass, but it is one which offends many archaeologists and also sentiment. The only other alternative is to keep a mat over the brass, which can be rolled up when anyone desires to examine the brass. Constant cleaning is, of course, dangerous. The brass should be kept slightly oiled or vaselined, and so protected from the atmosphere. A rubbing of the brass should be kept in the safe in the vestry.—Ed.]



(Left.) Western half of barn: Contrast the scheme of the three capped columns and superimposed timberwork with the rough, tall, curved post with curved braces on the right, which is also the scheme of the eastern half. (Right.) A rounded column with simply carved capital.

## MR. J. H. DOWD'S DRY POINTS



A JOLLY DIP.

**M**R. J. H. DOWD is one of the younger artists whose black and white work is frequently to be seen in *Punch*, and a number of dry points of children are now on exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries, King Street, St. James's, a few of which are now illustrated, though all have an unusual charm. The phenomenon of a picked company of black and white artists regularly working for a

humorous journal is unique in the world. Englishmen are prone to give to themselves the credit for supporting such a journal, by claiming, as sincerely as the Stuart kings did their Divine Right, a peculiar gift called the sense of humour. And, indeed, it strikes the foreigner as a very peculiar gift, in that, in spite of their pride in possessing it, the British have a singular aversion to laughing in public at anything but an oral witticism.



"LET'S PLAY!"





BIG GAME.

A Frenchman once said: "If I see a man in a railway carriage open a certain shaped journal, look fiercely and critically at it, sniff, turn over the next page, and repeat the process till he has finished the journal, then I know that my *vis-à-vis* is an Englishman and that he is reading *Punch*."

The truth is that *Punch* is far from being a comic paper. Its spirit is indefinable. A gentleman who tried to define it the other day got so involved that one of the most eminent of literary critics had to tie a wet towel round his head to understand his drift at all.

But one of the most constant components of *Punch* humour—which, after all, may be taken as representing that of educated



A BOY SCOUT.

England (though *La Vie Parisienne* and the *Pink 'Un* are well thumbed in clubs)—is the happy fun of children. "Infantility in English Comic Artists" is a subject which an essayist might well expand, beginning with Thackeray and including the "Bab Ballads." In *Punch* of to-day children figure predominantly, whether as Mr. Stampa's guttersnipes or the late Claude Shepperson's and Mr. Lewis Baumer's refined little ladies and gentlemen.

It is in this line that Mr. Dowd's most successful work lies. From his pen and ink drawings, circulated in Mr. *Punch*'s weekly portfolio, his delicacy in this *genre* is not, however, always apparent. They are sometimes a little heavy in touch, though nearly always admirably simple, since, for so young an artist, he has eliminated unnecessary detail of finish to a surprising extent. By experimenting in dry point—the medium which above all others requires sensitiveness and purity of line—he gives himself a much better opportunity for using his gifts than pen and ink work affords. He seems to have started his essays in dry point with happy little urchins romping in Kensington Gardens, and with them he is at present most at home. "A Jolly Dip" (No. 1) is a delicious thing, well worthy of the Victoria and Albert Print Room which has admitted it into its august company. In "A Fight" (No. 16), rapidity of movement is suggested by the inclusion of light and shade, which also characterises "Let's Play" (No. 17). With regard to the latter, in which the grouping is charming and the feelings of children on a summer afternoon perfectly portrayed, a new object for Mr. Dowd's genius seems to present itself, namely, as a portrayer on copper of families of little people, for their mammas to frame and circulate among their relations. What more delightful way of having a son "taken off" for the benefit of adoring uncles and aunts than as in "Big Game"—where he is associated with a well known family possession, a Jacobean chair of which, incidentally, the patina is amazingly represented? That, though, is but a suggestion for Mr. Dowd's consideration. The happy simplicity of most of his exhibited work, combined with his delicacy of touch, indicate him as an artist of very great promise who has already defeated the temptation of over-elaboration.

## RIVIERA TENNIS NOTES

AS all enthusiasts expected, the tennis season this year on the Riviera has become progressively more and more interesting and, at the time of writing, has reached a standard that has probably never before been equalled in this part of the world. There were closer and more exciting contests, with larger and more enthusiastic audiences, at the Carlton Club at Cannes in the middle of February than at any previous tournament. Here for the first time Mlle. Lenglen met Miss Ryan in the final of the Ladies' Open Singles, and the match was a very fine one indeed. Miss Ryan had been steadily improving since the beginning of the season, and she began by extending her opponent to the utmost, the score standing at three all in the first set. The courts at the Carlton Club at Cannes are rather slower than most of the others on the Riviera, and this circumstance suited Miss Ryan's game. Some of her famous chop drives were deadly, but Mlle. Lenglen accommodated herself to these swift low shots and took the set at 6—3 and the next at 6—1. In the second set she took the offensive, volleying and smashing in a way that gave her adversary no chance at all. Miss Ryan played very well—quite as well, in the writer's opinion, as any other lady has ever played against Mlle. Lenglen since she became lady champion. Therefore, it is not probable that Mlle. Lenglen will be beaten by Mrs. Mallory or Miss McKane or anyone else, provided she maintains her present form.

In Mixed Doubles Mlle. Lenglen is even stronger than in a single, and this was clearly demonstrated in several matches at Cannes. Partnered with de Mompurgo she defeated Mrs. Beamish and Colonel Dudley 6—2, 6—1, although the latter pair played very well. Mlle. Lenglen, however, was by far the best of the four, her partner being a little bit erratic on that occasion.

A match took place, also at the Carlton Club at Cannes, as the result of a challenge between two professionals, Henri Darsonval of the Sporting Club in Paris and Albert Burke, and this contest was described by no less an authority than M. Charles Lenglen, father of the lady champion, as being the finest match he had ever seen in his life. It lasted for two hours and a half, and the final score, which gave Darsonval the victory, was 6—4, 6—8, 5—7, 6—4, 7—5. The game was so level that the result turned on the most trifling differences, and it may be said that neither player could claim superiority over the other. Darsonval's style is very pleasant to watch: he is wonderfully lissom and appears to play naturally. He is of Basque origin and displays the remarkable athletic qualities of this curious little race, of which it will be recollected that Jean Borotra, another French ace, is also a member. Albert Burke, who is only just twenty years old, has a very brilliant game with all the strokes, including a fine service and formidable powers of volleying and attack, but his style is somewhat more academic and rigid than that of the swarthy, supple, gipsy-like Basque that Darsonval is. Usually when an Englishman meets a foreigner on the tennis court the latter attacks while the former, if he wins, beats his opponent mostly from the back line. In this match, however, the reverse was the case.

CECIL B. WATERLOW.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# DUICAL REALISATIONS

**T**HE Duke of Argyll's intention to dispose of the island estate of Tiree (21,400 acres), Benmore Forest (27,934 acres) and Lismore (2,325 acres), announced some time ago in these columns, may lead to an auction shortly at Hanover Square, failing acceptable private offers for the three lots. Illustrated particulars have been prepared and give glimpses of sea coast, lochs, rivers and mountains. The history of the properties is briefly stated, with much information as to the current capabilities of the vast acreage. The details as to the sporting are too full to admit of even a summary on this occasion, and the tabulated returns as to the game bags on Benmore attest the well known fact that the deer stalking there is some of the best in the West of Scotland. The agricultural value of much of the land is considerable.

The Duke of Sutherland's approaching sale is of a relatively small but valuable property, the Sutherland Arms Hotel, Dornoch, close to the first tee of the golf links. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have privately sold Quinish House and 3,250 acres in Mull, with fishing in the Mingary river and three lochs. Another Scottish estate, Killiechronan, in the island of Mull, with the house, on the north side of Loch na Keal, and 9,000 acres awaits an offer by order of Mr. R. C. Parr.

### HOUSES WITH A HISTORY.

**T**HE site of the old hall is included in the sale just carried out by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley of 85 acres of the Tolworth Hall estate, between Ewell and Surbiton. Captain F. W. Ramsden has directed the firm to offer Madgehole, an old manorial farm of 150 acres at Shamley Green, Guildford. Preston Deanery was built after the original mansion was burned down about fifty years ago: the Northants estate of nearly 1,000 acres, now in the market on behalf of the executrix of the late Mr. A. E. Marlow, has a history running back to Norman times. In the reign of Henry VI it was granted to the Hertwell family, who stripped the church tower of its lead and took away the bells, selling them to the smelters, while the church itself was turned to profane uses. The estate was sold to the Remembrancer of the City of London in the days of Queen Elizabeth, finally coming to the Singletons by purchase early last century.

Henry IV is reputed to have laid the foundation stone of the Herefordshire mansion, Hampton Court, in the seventeenth century the home of the Coningsby family, whose pedigrees adorn the banquetting or Coningsby Hall. The fine old furniture may be purchased with the mansion. The estate extends to 5,458 acres. There are 100 cottages and the advowsons to five livings. The kennels of the North Hereford Hunt are on the estate, and the South Hereford and Radnor and West Hereford packs hunt the district. The shooting is famous for high pheasants and wild duck, and there are four and a half miles of fishing in the Lugg.

### THE MYTTONS OF HALSTON HALL.

**HALSTON HALL**, between Oswestry and Ellesmere, has been privately sold, with 2,422 acres, to a buyer who intends to occupy the estate, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Burd and Evans. The rent roll amounts to approximately £4,000 a year, exclusive of the mansion, grounds and 242 acres of woodlands. The outgoing for 1922 included tithe, £315, and land tax, £52. Halston Hall, a very beautiful old William and Mary house, stands in a grandly timbered park of 200 acres. Some of the internal decorative work is in the Adam style. In the grounds are a magnificent pair of wrought-iron gates leading into the old walled kitchen garden. The River Perry bounds and partly intersects the property, and it supplies the lake, which is about a mile long. Halston lies in the centre of Sir Watkin Wynn's Hunt, and it was the ancestral home of the Myttons.

The two members of the Mytton family who have come down to posterity as celebrities were strangely diverse characters. The first was Thomas Mytton, born at Halston in the closing years of the sixteenth century. He went to Balliol College, and from Oxford to Lincoln's Inn. He, in contrast to most of the gentry of Salop, was the guiding spirit of the Parliamentarians in that county, and he established the

first Parliamentary garrisons for his side in that part of the country.

The second was the notorious John Mytton, born at Halston in 1796. His father died when the boy was two years old, and, when he came of age, John inherited a fortune of £10,000 a year and £60,000 in ready money. Ill-disciplined and wayward, he had left Westminster School and Harrow with no very creditable record, and it is said that he thrashed an unfortunate gentleman who afterwards acted as his tutor. Joining the 7th Hussars in 1816, John Mytton saw service for a few months in France, and, returning to private life, he became Master of a pack of foxhounds, hunting part at least of what is now the Albrighton country. He was elected as Member for Shrewsbury in 1819, but whether he ever sat in Parliament seems doubtful. He also served as High Sheriff for Shropshire and for Merioneth.

Public offices failed to sober him. His natural propensity for horsemanship was stimulated by wagers of the kind customary in those days. He galloped across a rabbit warren, with disastrous results, on one occasion, and on another he drove a tandem over open country in the dark, and he used to go wild-fowling in his shirtsleeves in mid-winter. Troubled with hiccoughs, he set fire to his nightshirt "to frighten them away"; and, for a time, his daily consumption of port averaged half a dozen bottles. Small wonder that his fortune was squandered and his goods and chattels at Halston sold on behalf of creditors. He died of dilirium tremens in the King's Bench Prison in 1834 at the age of thirty-seven, and his remains were buried in the private chapel at Halston. A portrait of Mytton was published in COUNTRY LIFE of February 17th last (p. 217).

### LORD MALMESBURY'S URBAN LAND.

**L**ORD MALMESBURY has arranged with Messrs. Fox and Sons the date of the sale of his freeholds in Bournemouth. The auction, one of the most important ever held in that town, will occupy six days, commencing on Wednesday, May 23rd. There are 1,700 lots, embracing a large area of the county borough.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have sold Wilcox's Farm, Moreton Morrell, near Warwick, 72 acres, with house and buildings, withdrawn from auction last autumn.

Among properties recently sold by Messrs. Goddard and Smith are Claverton Lodge, an old-fashioned stone house, at Bath, in 4½ acres of grounds; and Ashton House, Trowbridge, with 4½ acres, and garage.

Worlingham Hall, near Beccles, has been disposed of by Messrs. Catchpole and Richards, and the Lowestoft firm is now to sell the property in small portions. The house, of which an illustration has appeared in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE, is a very large one, with twenty-five principal bedrooms, and the price of it is £4,200, and more land can be had if desired.

The Tithe Barn, Burnham Abbey, has been sold by Messrs. Giddy and Giddy. This sale is interesting because of the fact that the main structure of the present residence was the tithe barn of Burnham Abbey (A.D. 1265). The architect converted it into a half-timbered "black and white" house, carefully preserving the old oak beams and other features of the original structure. The firm has also sold The White Cottage, Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, a modern residence in 3 acres of gardens.

Messrs. Collins and Collins have sold Hermitage Farm, Colmer, Alton, 160 acres, with all the effects.

### IMPORTANT FURNITURE AUCTIONS.

**N**EXT Wednesday the six days' sale of the contents of Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire, by Messrs. Foster, on behalf of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr, G.C.B., begins, the viewing being to-day and next Monday and Tuesday. References have been made to the old English and French furniture, and the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., and other valuable items in a catalogue of exceptional interest.

On Monday next another house in the same county, Poles, Ware, will witness the opening of a week's auction by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The firm recently, as announced in COUNTRY LIFE, sold the estate to clients of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The furniture at Poles is largely modern, but with Queen Anne and earlier work. Noteworthy

are the Persian carpets and rugs, and a whole day is devoted to the sale of silver, which includes examples of early Georgian, William and Mary and Queen Anne periods, among other celebrated makers being Benjamin Payne, Paul Storr and Vedeau. The library on architecture, furniture, biography, with many sets of English authors and early French bindings with arms, will be sold on the fifth day.

On March 12th Messrs. Hampton and Sons are instructed by the executors of the late Mr. John G. Griffiths, C.V.O., to sell at 4, Hyde Park Gardens (having sold the property) the furniture, including a pair of Chippendale stools, a *petit-point* needlework screen, Greek and Italian bronzes, pictures by Corot and Turner, and a fine example of the Memling school, blue and white porcelain, silver, books and etchings. Other sales by the same firm are, on March 19th and 20th, Continental and English furniture at Kenegie, Ascot, including old colour prints and needlework pictures. On the same days at Oxford Square, Hyde Park, they are selling, for the executors of the late F. Alcorado, French and English furniture, oil paintings and water colours and silver.

Sir Walter and Lady Susan Townley's furniture at Winkfield Place, Windsor Forest, has been dispersed during the present week by Messrs. Samuel Wallrock and Co., who will offer the freehold of 75 acres, including an ornamental lake of an acre, at Blenheim Street, New Bond Street, on April 11th.

Illustrations are appearing in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE of early seventeenth century Flemish tapestry, and paintings by Rubens and Van Goyen, which are among the exquisite treasures to be sold at Scarisbrick Lodge, Southport, as announced in the Estate Market page last week, by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, by order of the executors of the late Sir Charles Scarisbrick. The view will be next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and the auction opens on March 12th and will last throughout the whole week. The library and the plate, porcelain, old cut glass, and figures in bronze and ivory are all very choice, and there are items in the furniture section of the catalogue that will realise high prices.

In an increasing number of instances the option is now offered to buyers of town and country houses to take the furniture as well as the property itself. One such case is that of a residence in Park Lane, which is offered for 11,000 guineas by Messrs. Weatherall and Green, who can negotiate for the sale at the same time of part of the furniture. Similarly the buyer, whoever he may happen to be, of Beach House, Mr. Edward Knoblock's Worthing residence, so often visited by King Edward, will have the opportunity of acquiring the collection of Empire furniture through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They inform us that the sale of Amport St. Mary's, near Andover, the sporting estate of Captain R. T. Philipson, recently announced, is to be followed by an auction of the remaining contents of the mansion, to be held on the premises on March 19th and 20th. It will include Jacobean oak, a Queen Anne day bed, a Louis XV writing table, and rare old English plate of James I, Charles II and other periods.

### "GRIMES" AND "JULIBERRY."

**WEETING HALL**, Norfolk, was referred to last week in the Estate Market page as being in the market for private treaty, and as having on its north-east side the neolithic quarries called Grimes Graves. There, in the course of excavations, stone age implements have been found by the thousand, also bones and other objects. With much ingenuity there are those who have asserted that flint-knapping, still an industry at Brandon, is an art that has come down as a trade first practised and taught by the savage holders of Grimes Graves.

It would be interesting to speculate on the origin of the present name of the prehistoric quarries. It is suggestive of another local corruption of the original name of an ancient spot, the "Juliberry's Grave"—a barrow on the Kentish downs near Godmersham Park—a name which enshrines the memory of Quintus Laberius Durus, one of Cæsar's Tribunes. Who, or what was "Grimes"? The name may be a primitive abbreviation of something that was originally informative. The Prehistoric Society of East Anglia issued a report on the excavations at Grimes Graves in 1914.

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Entered by W. Wood.

# THE ROMPS.

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